



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

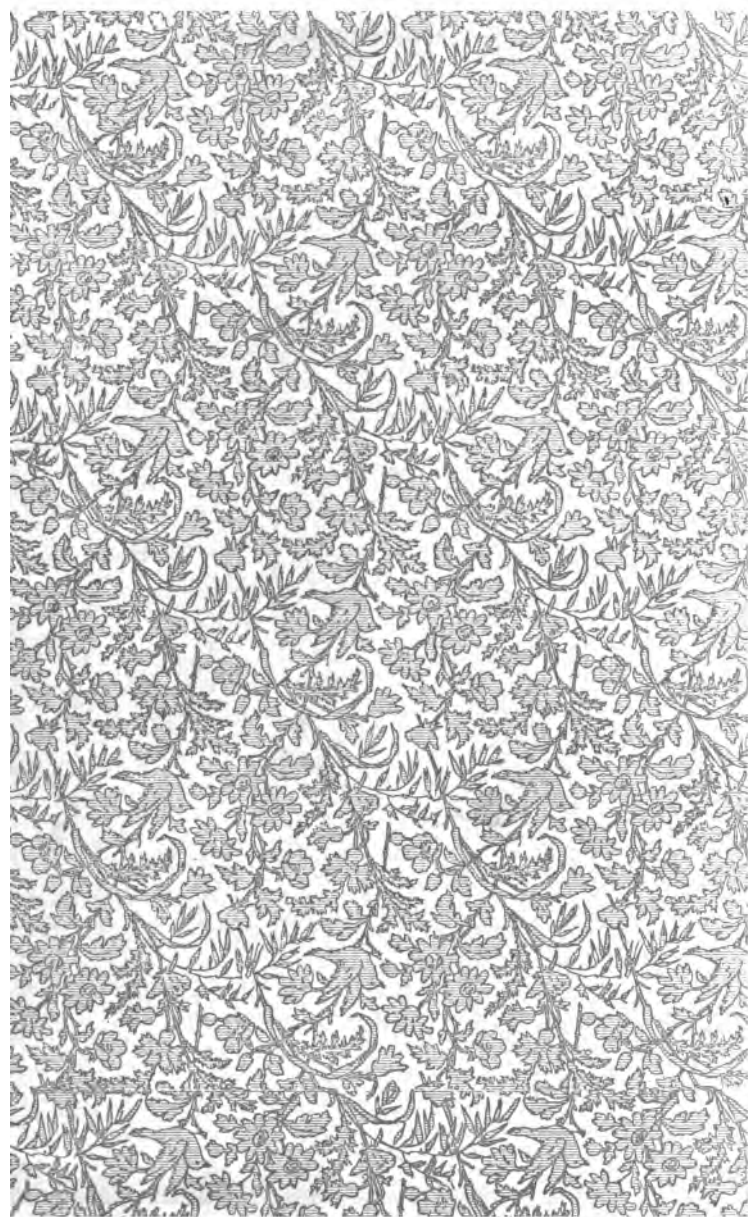
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

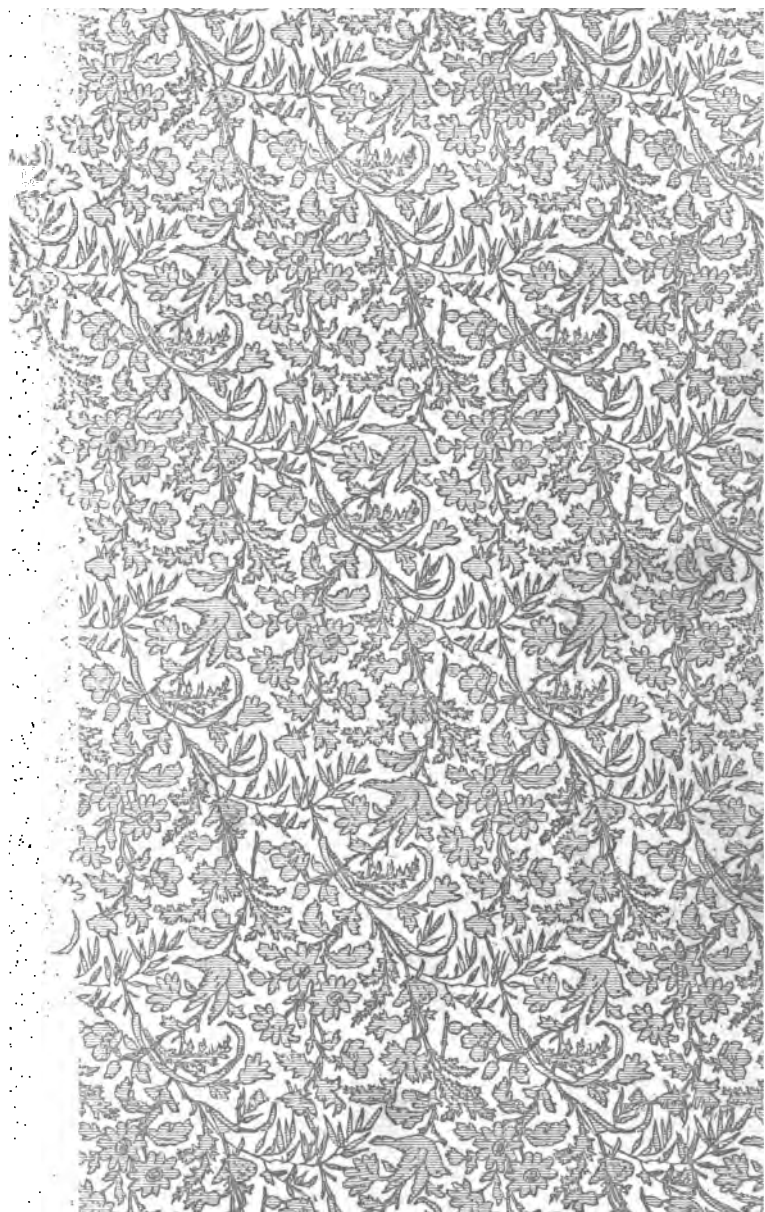


POEMS
by

GEORGE
DOBIE







010



P O E M S

BY

GEORGE DOBIE



Edinburgh

PRINTED BY MORRISON AND GIBB

1883

VS7416

3/6

my

C10



P O E M S

BY

GEORGE DOBIE



Edinburgh

PRINTED BY MORRISON AND GIBB

1883

775 24 6



P R E F A C E.



A FEW of the following poems having occasionally appeared in print, and apparently been appreciated, I have been requested to publish them in a collected form.

I yield to this request not without some misgivings, as many of the pieces were composed in early youth, while others were written during intervals of time snatched amidst the cares of conducting a large business.

Many imperfections may consequently be discovered, but I trust they will be pardoned by the indulgent reader.

To my numerous subscribers I tender my best thanks. Their encouragement will for ever be remembered with gratitude by

THE AUTHOR.





CONTENTS.



	PAGE
A Wee Rift o' Blue in the Sky, ...	9
Bonny Glencotha, ...	11
The Wee Raggit Lassie, ...	13
A Fishing Episode, ...	15
Granfaither's Pet, ...	18
Ode to Clyde, ...	20
A Plea for Hospital Flower Missions, ...	23
Bonny Dunkel', ...	26
To Tyrants who Command, ...	28
The Woods of Aberdour, ...	31
To Emma, ...	33
Fishing in October, ...	35
Lines on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, ...	40
My Bonny Nelly, ...	42
Lines sent to a Friend from the Crook Inn, near Broughton, ...	44
Lines sent to Miss H—— with a Pair of Gloves, ...	48
The Golden Locket, ...	49
Lines on a Tombstone in Lanark Churchyard, ...	52
Autumn : A Dirge, ...	53
Britannia's Address to Jonathan, ...	55
An Unco True Tale	59
On the Birth of an Heir to Lee, ...	61
Cabby's Plea, ...	63
The Waning Year : A Dirge, ...	66
A Day's Fishing on the Leithen, ...	68
Braxfield Woods, ...	70

	PAGE
Jean Fluker's Address to Provost B——, ...	72
An Experience, ...	77
Lines to Mrs. Duff on the Death of her Only Son, ...	78
The Modern Creed of a Ruling Elder, ...	80
Lines on the Tay Bridge Disaster, ...	82
Address to Lord Palmerston, ...	84
Welcome, Garibaldi, to Scotland, ...	90
Farewell to Peebles, ...	93
Song for the Season, 1881, ...	95
On Seeing a Wasp in the new Church, Alloway, August 1880, . .	97
Summer, ...	101
Bleatings from the Flock of J—— P—— U.P. Church, . .	103
The Saumon, ...	107
Lines sent to a Friend on a New Year's Card, 1st January 1881, .	110
Spirits, ...	111
Oor Ain Bonny Toon, ...	112
Lines repeated at Burns' Anniversary, 25th January 1863, . .	114
My Collie Dog Tam, ...	117
My Paroquet, ...	119
Oor Wonderfu' Cat, ...	123
Scotland Yet.—New Version. My Auld Grey-beard, ...	125
My First Pair o' Breeks, ...	128
Garvald, Lanarkshire, ...	130
The Old Mistletoe Bough, ...	133
Lines suggested on Her Majesty Queen Victoria paying a Visit to Lochleven Castle, ...	136
Cartland Crag, ...	138
Newington, Edinburgh, ...	141
On the Year 1881, ...	144
Petition of the Water of Leith, ...	148
Beaconsfield, ...	151
Our Scottish Volunteers, ...	153
My First Saumon, ...	155
Glengarry, ...	159

	PAGE
Dan Rae and his Cuddie, ...	161
Soonhope Burn, ...	165
Dinna hing doun your Head, ...	167
We've had nae Simmer ava', ...	169
Lines on the Occasion of Mr. and Mrs. S——'s Silver Wedding, 10th October 1881, ...	172
A Fishing Disaster, ...	174
Only a Fly, ...	179
Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one, ...	181
A Lay from the Workhouse, ...	184
The Wee Raggit Laddie, ...	188
Mountain Dew—'Ilka Blade,' etc., slightly altered, ...	190
English and Gaelic an' a', ...	193
Kate and her Crew. Strange, yet True, ...	199
Eddleston Burn, ...	206
The Woods of Hopetoun, ...	208
Lines on Seeing a Hare in Princes Street, Edinburgh, early in the Morning, in August 1882, ...	211
Wha to like best, ...	216
Lines sent to a Friend with the Flower Forget-me-not painted on a Card, ...	218
On Seeing a Butterfly, near East Linton, First Sunday of April 1870, ...	219
On the Death of my Daughter Charlotte, ...	221
Song, ...	223
Our Lilac Tree, ...	225
Lines on Hearing the Rev. Dr. Morton preach a Sermon from the word 'To-day,'	227
Fishing for Supper, ...	229





A Wee Rift o' Blue in the Sky.

IN the dull cauld days of the season,
When the sun is oft veil'd frae our sight,
We wish lang, and wish wi' guid reason,
To welcome his life-giving light.
While thus the dark clouds round us hover,
And all appears gloom to the eye,
'Tis cheerin' at morn to discover
A wee rift o' blue in the sky.

Sweet hope springs wi' joy in the morning,
And the peaks of life's mountains look bright ;
But oft do the beams thus adorning
Foretell of the shadows of night.

When vessels are toss'd on the ocean,
And threaten'd destruction is nigh,
All eyes become strain'd wi' emotion,
To watch a blue rift in the sky.

This life is a waste lang and dreary,
Though at times an oasis we find,
And may cease for a time to feel weary,
When we meet with a friend true and kind.
Thus through sunshine and shadow we move,
To-day tears may spring to the eye ;
But to-morrow, by looking above,
We may see a blue rift in the sky.





Bonny Glencotha.

BONNY Glencotha ! sweet cosie wee glen,
Secluded away frae the dwellings o' men,
'Thou hast joys o' thine ain ; contentment and peace
Here, wi' ither beauties o' nature, increase.

The rills, tae, are clearer, and briskly they run—
The stream through the glen dances merrily on,
Whiles croonin' a sang as it louns ower the stanes,
Then lispin' a hymn as it glides through the plains.

There, sweetly the lark sings, while safe it may rest,
For nae urchin comes tae disturb its wee nest,
And here ither songsters in harmony meet :
'Tis this makes the braes o' Glencotha sae sweet.

The mountains sae bonny, wi' flocks roaming free,
Are cover'd wi' sweets for the bird and the bee ;
The grass like a carpet, sae soft and sae green—
Glencotha, though lonely, is lovely, I ween.

Glencotha's e'en bonny enshrouded in snaw,
Then, naebody comes tae disturb it ava' ;
My wifie and I hae a but and a ben,
And love cheers us aye in this cosie bit glen.

O ! slaves, then, tae fortune wha wear yoursel's dunc,
And live in big cities polluted wi' sin,
Your health wad be better, and purer you'd be,
If you shared a' the sweets o' Glencotha wi' me.

I've nae ither wish in this world sae wide,
My joy is a' centred on bonny Tweedside ;
If offer'd a croon, the high honour wad fa'
If ta'en frae my dear, dear Glencotha awa'.





The Wee Raggit Lassie.

O FATHER aboon, by Thy wisdom and licht,
Look doon on a helpless wee lassie the nicht !
I'm chitterin' wi' cauld, and hae naething to eat,
My claes are worn dune, and nae shoon on my feet.

My faither's no workin', the weather's sae caul',
Stepmother's unfit to attend to her stall ;
To tell ye the truth, she has gaen on the spree,
And naebody seems to be mindfu' o' me.

I wad kindle a fire to warm my cauld feet,
And fry some ham parin's wi' tatties to eat ;
But should steppy come hame, she'll mak' my lugs ring,
And cuff me and ca' me a forritsome thing.

Some nichts I'm sae vex'd that I'll no sleep a wink,
To think that we're a' haudin doon sae wi' drink ;
If I was a Queen, I wad mak' it a law
That nane wad get leave to mak' whisky ava'.

When I see ither lassies sae braw and sae clean,
And me aye sae tawdry, brings tears to my een ;
I wonder if God kens that I am sae poor,
And hae sae much sorrow on earth to endure.

When I see the blue sky, and the stars a' at night,
I ken I've a Father far up out o' sicht,
And maybe He means that this life should hae jars,
That I may be happy some day 'mong the stars.

If steppy keeps drinkin', and faither won't mend,
I carena how soon this life comes to an end ;
I hae sae few joys, and the dark side I dree,
I'd rather that God wad noo help me to dee.





A Fishing Episode.

STRANGE, YET TRUE.

WHERE stately Neidpath's Castle stands,
And half the vale of Tweed commands,
To where the stream coils roun' the sands

 We ventured out,
A freen and I, to try our hands
 At catchin' trout.

'Twas simmer, an' the closin' day
Dress'd a' the woods in sober grey,
My freen and I quite sober tae ;
 But noo give heed,
We had queer sport, to our dismay,
 That night on Tweed.

My freen, sae nimble at the art,
Had tried the stream in ilka part,

And jist as he was losin' heart,
Something play'd splutter;
'He's hook'd,' he cried, 'I've gar't him smart,
And he's a wapper.'

'Quick ! bring the net,' my freen did say,
'The brute, he means to gie me play,
He's fechtin' hard to get away,
But twa can tug;
And though I'd rin him for a day,
I'll land him snug.'

Fast wi' a birr out gaed the reel,
My freen cried, 'Something queer I feel,
It splutters like the very deil,
I dinna see,
It's no a fish—I hear it squeal—
Losh, what can't be?'

I shouted, 'Pu' the creature in !'
My freen cries, 'He's inclined to rin,
I hear him in the water spin.
Be't deil or trout,

Though I should play him till I'm blin',
I'll hae him out.'

It's bliss to hae an ample share
O' patience duly mixed wi' care ;
My freen he spent twa hours an' mair
In landin'—what ?
A timid denizen o' air,
A puir blind bat.

Puir bat, thy life, like thy day-dream,
Was brief, for in the day's last gleam
Ye thought awhile abin the stream
To skim and sport ;
Nae warnin' then to gar ye deem
Life was sae short.

Alas ! puir thing, man's fate we see
Sae vividly portray'd in thee ;
Some skip in wanton revelry
On life's fair river,
Till caught wi' baits unwarily,
They sink for ever.



Granfaither's Pet.

I've a bonny wee darlin', she's no very auld,
Jist like a sweet bud that begins to unfauld ;
There are many darlin's that's nae doubt thocht fine,
But it's seldom ye see a wee darlin' like mine.

She's no in her teens yet, and quite a young thing,
An' fresh as a primrose ye see in the spring ;
To compare her to flowers is quite out o' place,
She rivals them a' wi' her sweet sonsie face.

She's a bonny wee darlin', and dear loving pet,
Her winsome bit manner ye canna forget ;
Whiles when I tease her she feigns in a plicht,
But kisses and sweeties soon pit her a' richt.

It soun's weel to speak o' the angels aboon,
But better on earth to hae ane o' yer ain ;
It's this keeps me happy wherever I be,
My bonny wee darlin's an angel to me.

She's noo sae engagin', I deem her a queen,
Her pure soul it peers through her bonny blue een ;
The breath frae her lips as it passes, ye powers !
Resembles the simmer wind kissing the flowers.

My bonny wee darlin', while hope links the chain,
I've this fervent wish—ye wad aye be my ain ;
But ane made for lovin', it's easy to see,
She'll soon hae around her mair lovers than me.

She apes my bit oddities ; that I forgive,
And pray most sincerely that lang she may live.
She's seen but ae simmer—my heart's on her set—
May Heaven protect her aye—granfaither's pet.





Ode to Clyde.

THE RIVER OF THE WEST.

RUN on, run on, sweet river,
As thou hast ever run ;
Speed on 'mong hills and valleys,
As thou hast ever done !
'Thy course it is a favour'd one,
Some Power had deem'd it best,
'That thou, O Clyde, should be the pride,
And river of the west.

Speed on, speed on, fair river,
O'er every craggy steep,
Which in thy path so rugged
Thou hast so oft to leap !

Thy sister Tweed doth eastward glide,
And finds a quiet rest ;
But thou, O Clyde, with rapid stride,
Go bounding to the west.

Roll on, roll on, fair river,
Come from the heath-deck'd hills,
From where thy arms are stretch'd out
To greet the mountain rills !
Come where the trees are bending,
And waiting to be press'd,
Or kiss'd by thee while roaming free,
Fair river of the west !

Flow on, flow on, fair river !
Thou art endear'd to all
Who spent their youth upon thy banks,
And can those scenes recall ;
When wandering on thy flowery braes,
By summer's heat oppress'd,
Thy cooling tide was then their pride,
Fair river of the west !

Flow on, sweet favour'd river !
While nature decks thy bed,
The greenest bays of summer
Shall twine around thy head ;
While on thy glassy bosom
A wandering bark may rest,
Thou'lt be, O Clyde, Auld Scotland's pride,
Fair river of the west !





A Plea for Hospital Flower Missions.

'Tis the essence of joy in summer to spare
A few of its pleasant and golden hours ;
To wander in June, when the gardens are fair,
And cull in the sunshine the beautiful flow'rs.

Go gather such gems ! 'tis a fountain of bliss ;
Bind and arrange them with all due regard :
Then take your sweet offerings and give them a place
In some squalid sick-room or hospital ward.

Ah ! see yon pale child ; watch its delicate hand
Spreading the rose leaves and smiling at play :
Its silken hair seeming by angels' wings fann'd,
While waiting to waft its sweet spirit away.

See yon wasted maiden, so pale but so pure,
 Striving her best to make pleasant the hours ;
 Her sickness with meekness she seems to endure,
 While watching and tending the beautiful flow'rs.

See yon aged man, as he smiles through his tears,
 What visions can now through his memory float !
 There is one little flower his lonely heart cheers,
 'Tis that bonny blue gem called Forget-me-not.

What can he discern, through the vision of time,
 As he looks on this flower ? what can he trace ?
 Ah ! is it some loved one who died in her prime :
 Forgot, till Forget-me-not bridges the space ?

Then bring forth in summer the rose, its fair queen,
 And bring the wild thyme, so modest in bloom ;
 Bring also the fern, which is graceful and green :
 All have sweets they can lend to deck the sick-room.

Ye rich who receive, as a blessing from God,
 Fruits of the earth which the seasons procure ;

'Twill lighten your journey on life's weary road,
The bounty of nature to share with the poor.

Then ye who in season have flow'rs to bestow,
Let them to the sick and the poor be given.
Thus blessings unnumber'd upon you will flow,
And prayer will waft up your praise into heaven.





Bonny Dunkel'.

O BONNY Dunkel', 'sweet theme of my lays,'
Fain wad I sing thee a sang in thy praise ;
Thy woods aye sae lovely, 'where can there be'
A scene sae enchantin' in simmer to see ?

Mountains wi' verdure are clad to their taps,
Flow'rs deck their breasts, or lie snug in their laps ;
The birds in their sangs unceasingly tell
There's nae ither spot half sae sweet as Dunkel'.

There proud Birnam Hill rears lofty its crest,
And dark Craig-y-barns in glory is drest ;
Trees famous in story, majestic are seen,
Nae matter the season, for ever look green.

•

Rocks deck'd wi' ivy seem hoary and grey,
Worn and defaced by the waves o' the Tay ;
Something with awe binds my heart like a spell
As I gaze on the beauties o' bonny Dunkel'.

Should ye feel weary, gang up yon wee burn,
It meets ye rejoicing at every turn ;
Sweet-scented birks and birds 'mang the trees
A' vie wi' each ither in sweetness tae please.

Seek not to wander in vales far away,
While ye hae siller and leisure to stray,
The scenes a' around will make your heart swell
Should ye pay a visit to bonny Dunkel'.





To Tyrants who Command.

YE Tyrants who command,
Why case yourselves in steel,
And cause in fear to stand
Stout hearts that keenly feel?
Why heap on man a load
Was ne'er for him design'd,
Thus being so unkind,
Estranging more from God?

If ye will rule as head,
And wish to be obey'd,
Let love and kindness spread,
And God your cause will aid ;

But if you narrow prove,
Life you can not enjoy,
Power crushing doth destroy
The purity of love.

We wander on beneath
A canopy of gloom ;
Wherever tyrants breathe,
Their breath creates a tomb.
A kindness can command,
And cheer a heart dismay'd ;
When other glories fade,
We prize a helping hand.

Should pigmy beings then,
Who scarce possess a soul,
Be rulers over men,
Proved manly as a whole ?
Reptiles lurk in bowers,
Worms feast on sweetest seed,
And little minds impede
Great minds with higher powers.

Whatever then may come,
Fulfil the heavenly plan ;
And while life's sands doth run,
Go help thy brother man.
When gone from this abode,
That soul will rest secure
Who for a brother doth endure,
And bear a brother's load.





The Woods of Aberdour.

'MONG the woods of Aberdour
Nature smiles in all her charms ;
There the woodbine and the flower
Nestle in each other's arms.

Trees above you crown the height,
'Neath you pebbles fringe the sea ;
Birds and humming bees unite,
And fill the air with melody.

Whiter blossoms there the thorn,
'Neath the ferns the gowans cower ;
All that Nature can adorn
Is in the woods of Aberdour.



Ivy clings round hoary trees,
Winter doth not linger here ;
Verdure and the balmy breeze
Tell of summer all the year.

In your path at every bend,
Jutting rocks and shady bower ;
Earth with heaven seems to blend,
'Mong the woods of Aberdour.





To Emma.

FAIREST Emma, dearest Emma,
One of earth's angelic creatures,
Now I can trace what makes thee so,
'Tis Cupid playing on thy features.

Coy to please and shy to speak,
Little imp, he loves to linger,
And hath left upon each cheek
The impress of his fairy finger.

Did that little playful dove
Think it sport or deem it duty,
When he touch'd thee, dearest love,
Did he mean to mar thy beauty?

Whether spiteful or in play,
Emma, you've been far too simple,
And have let the creature stay,
Till each cheek retains a dimple.

To Cupid if thy charms be due,
I will not blame the sprite for roving ;
Because I feel he saw in you,
A being really worth the loving.





Fishing in October.

LINES SENT TO A FRIEND, WHO HAD ARRANGED FOR A DAY'S
FISHING, BUT SENT AN APOLOGY THAT HE COULD NOT GO.

I READ your note with studious care,
And you'd been wae to see me, man,
Upon the border o' despair,
That you could not gang wi' me, man.

I got at ance my fishin' gear,
And wi' glee did sally, man ;
For Clyde's sweet stream my course did steer,
And fish adown its valley, man.

The morn was glorious to admire—
Mind I'm not telling fibs, man ;
The sun rose like a sea o' fire,
Yon side o' Samson's Ribs, man.

A white mist roun' the Castle lay,
Or maybe a licht brown, man ;
'Twas like a lassie, strange to say,
Dress'd in a licht shortgown, man.

Onward through fields and meadows fair,
'Mid beauty now I revel, man ;
For business that increases care,
May now gang to the d——, man.

I find I'm nearly at Carstairs,
Out-bound for Water Meetings, man ;
But fishers aye should gang in pairs,
For pairs the pleasure sweetens, man.

Wi' rod and reel, hand-bag and creel,
The flask, some ham and chicken, man,
Three days like Jonah I am hid,
Else like the whale I'll sicken, man.

The Clyde, sweet stream, now meets my view,
And looks jist like a frien', man ;

It serpent-like beguiles me noo,
For it's in glorious trim, man.

The landscape roun' hath lesser charms,
But noo fresh beauties swell, man ;
For Clyde wi' a' her wee bare arms,
Charm mair than I can tell, man.

My fishin' ardour seldom cools,
It gar't my heart feel warm, man,
As up we steam'd I saw some pools,
Where I thought trouts did swarm, man.

At last I reach'd the promised land,
But dry details I'll slip, man ;
A trout was soon at my command,
And then I took a nip, man.

I doff'd my cap and cried hurray !
I couldna weel refrain, man ;
Sine heard some urchin near me say,
' Hae ye been lang insane, man ?'



I mention'd what had gar't me shout,
But when the fish he saw, man,
He sneerin' said, 'Ca' that a trout?
It wadna feed a craw, man.'

'Mid rain and hail I plied away,
The deil anither fin, man ;
But noo it was nae langer day,
For darkness had set in, man.

I lost my road, got wet wi' rain,
Sat down and had some grog, man,
Got up, syne tumbled ower a stane,
Next fell into a bog, man.

I shouted till a shepherd came ;
When my distress he saw, man,
He lifted me frae out the drain,
Jist drookit like a craw, man.

To my dismay I saw him lauch,
That was this shepherd loon, man ;

Says I, 'Freen, had ye got this bath,
Ye'd no been in sic tune, man.'

I shiver'd like an aspen leaf,
The road I couldna fin', man ;
And this, too, added to my grief,
I lost my cap and shoon, man.

So here I sit baith wet and dry,
Alive but yet quite sober, man,
And swear henceforth no more to try
The fishin' in October, man.





Lines

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LIGHT up the hills with bonfires, and fringe with fire
about
Our lovely isles ; let anthems ring, and all the people
shout,
Till from our 'rugged mountains, and through our
smiling vales,'
The cry is heard from sea to sea, God bless the Prince
of Wales !

God bless this happy union !—exulting in our pride,
With one accord the nation all gives welcome to the
bride ;
She, dove-like, comes with olive branch, from Den-
mark's sterile plains,
And while she weds our royal Prince, she weds us to
the Danes.

As stands the sturdy British oak, our Royal household
stands,

Uprearing like a tower of strength, to this and other
lands ;

As speed our gallant vessels, when wind expands their
sails,

So may our course be onward, led by Albert Prince
of Wales.

Thus may our love awaken'd, in this rejoicing hour,
Be no mere burst of passion, but may increase in power ;
While we keep true and loyal, whatever else prevails,
We'll guard our Queen and country, and Albert Prince
of Wales.





My Bonnie Nelly.

BRIGHT her een, and black as coal,
Twa sweet orbs that brightly roll,
Piercing to my very soul—

Bonnie, bonnie Nelly.

Nelly look'd and sweetly smiled,
Soft and tender as a child,
For she had my heart beguiled—

Bonnie, bonnie Nelly.

Like a gowan wet wi' dew,
She is fair as she is true—
How I long to pree her mou'—

Bonnie, bonnie Nelly.

Sweet her voice as any lute,
When she sings the birds are mute—
Angels fence her eye about—
Bonnie, bonnie Nelly.

Ripe and luscious, she's my ain,
Nelly's lips are cherries twain,
Press them not for fear ye stain—
Bonnie, bonnie Nelly.





Lines sent to a friend

FROM THE CROOK INN, NEAR BROUGHTON.

HERE am I, in all my glory,
On a wild November day,
Free from that incessant worry
That has made my hair turn grey.

I rejoicing left the city,
Dreaming then of May or June ;
But since I began this ditty,
Suddenly I'm veil'd in gloom.

Rain fa's as frae buckets pouring,
Lashin' 'gainst the window panes,
And the wind in fury roaring
Sweeps along in angry strains.

Tweed to view seems brown as porter,
 Wears no more a silvery form ;
 Thus its course becomes the shorter,
 Angry rushing through the storm.

While the elements are warring,
 And amid this awful gloom,
 When the door I thought on barring,
 Lo ! a maid steps in my room.

Like an angel tripping hither
 This sweet creature did appear,
 Driven in by stress of weather,
 'Mid the storm to give me cheer.

There she stood, a chair between us,
 Such a form and such a look !
 Who could dream of such a Venus
 In the neighbourhood of Crook ?

I sat breathless, she stood gaping,
 Then she mutter'd, ' Come, sir, do,

The house is down, and it's escaping,
Help us to put in the soo.'

Here the storm I did discover
Had quite wreck'd poor grumphy's sty ;
Grumphy left her brood, a rover,
Sought her freedom wet or dry.

Link'd wi' beauty here was duty,
Could I this maid's plea resist ?
Had it been to scalp Auld Clootie,
I was doom'd here to assist.

I gave grumphy such a lick,
Causing her to take a turn,
And against me turning quick,
Sent me spinning in the burn.

Noo the landlord, guid auld body,
Feels I suffer'd in his stead,
And will have me share his toddy
Ere he trudges aff to bed.

Thus am I in a dilemma,
Out for solitude and rest ;
Could my direst foe but see me,
Joy would animate his breast.





Lines sent to Miss H—

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES.

I now send you gloves for the kiss you did steal,
'Tis a fraud I will ever declare ;
For the touch of your lips I scarcely did feel,
And the gloves cost four shillings a pair.

A shilling, I think, for kisses like yon
Is a fair price, between you and me ;
So please to remember, some time when alone,
You have yet to repay other three.

And if you should try the same process once more,
For fear there be any mistake,
I'd rather give gloves by the dozen or score,
To be kiss'd when I'm fully awake.



The Golden Locket.

To prove what a little breeds strife,
One day late I found a gold locket ;
I thought it might dae for the wife,
So put the bit thing in my pocket.

I slippit, as usual, to bed—
Reposin' without being rockit—
But had not weel rested my head
Till a raid was made on my pocket.

The wife scream'd ; I thought it was fire,
And fear'd that my dear had been chokit ;
But she bawl'd, jist like a town-crier,
'See what I have got in your pocket !'

To reason was reason in vain—

As weel kep a shower in a bucket ;

She deaved me a' nicht in this strain—

‘See what I have found in your pocket !’

I said very kindly, ‘ My dear,

Well, well,’ inclining to joke it ;

But louder she scream’d, ‘ Wretch, look here ;

See what’s been concealed in your pocket !

‘ Pray, whose little image is this ? ’

She said, then swoon’d off like a rocket.

Oh ! hang it ; I see what it is ;

The gem has been found in my pocket.

My wife now she threatens divorce—

Sweet angel, the doo of my dookit.

But this all arises, of course,

From that bit vile thing in my pocket.

MORAL.

All husbands, wherever you be,
Returning hame sober or sockit,
Pray do take a warning by me,
And mind what you put in your pocket.

That old, green-eyed monster, to strife
Never, oh ! never provoke it.
Keep naething conceal'd frae your wife,
And all will go well wi' your pocket.





Lines

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A TOMBSTONE IN LANARK
CHURCHYARD IN THE YEAR 1840.

The inscription on the stone read thus :—

'Here lijs the korps of William Wilson and his squouse how
died in the 84 year of their age.'

STOP here and read, Auld Schlaucher's ¹ dead,
And here doth Granny slumber ;
This stone near by marks where they lie,
And tells their name and number.

Now this was done by Wissie's son,
With his mason's iron and hammer ;
Few could excell't, had it been spell't,
But it's neither that nor grammar.

¹ Wilson's by-name.



Autumn : A Dirge.

SUMMER and autumn have perish'd ;
All nature gives signs of decay ;
The scenes which so lately we cherish'd,
Alas ! they have faded away.

Forests, late golden and amber,
Have all changed in colour and form ;
The leaves, by the breath of November,
Have playthings become to the storm.

Gardens and orchards look dreary,
The flowers dead, and garner'd the fruit ;
And where the birds lately were cheery,
They perch on the trees and are mute.

Mountains, late purple with heather,
Rejoicing in autumn's bright bloom,
Where clouds and mist revel together,
Are all now enveloped in gloom.

Streamlets are rolling in torrents,
And rivers rush on to the main,
As if they had widen'd their currents
To sweep all decay from the plain.

Nature seems weeping in sorrow ;
But the sun lends a heavenly gleam,
And whispers again of a morrow
When spring will re-open the scene.

Seasons and systems must perish,
And like autumn leaves pass away ;
But this is the hope that we cherish—
All life again springs from decay.



Britannia's Address to Jonathan.

O JONATHAN, my son, my son,
It vexes your old mother,
That you have taken to your gun,
And gone to shoot your brother !

Your fingers you are sure to burn ;
For this I blame your backers ;
They have done a most injurious turn
To give you squibs and crackers.

You wound my pride, and rouse my fears,
For in your wicked prattles,
You've torn the flag that stood for years
The rage of seas and battles.

You still possess some blood of mine,
That 'mong the brave would rank ye ;
But surely 'tis the change of clime
That keeps you still the Yankee.

Your boasting all is bosh, I'll prove ;
' Bull's Run ' supports my notion !
The Lion stands, which if you move,
You then may ' whip creation.'

Your war-gear turn to hooks and ploughs,
If you wish competition,
Send over cotton, corn, or cows
To next year's Exhibition.

Let something useful be your aim,
If you would ' lick creation ;'
Try something you can lick again—
Say then, a cane plantation.

But while I write, like Ni'gra Falls,
Tears roll, I cannot smother,
That you are now preparing balls,
Maybe, to shoot your mother.

But mind the lesson you were taught—

How Absalom was nicked ;

Because rebellious, he was caught,

And hanged when in a thicket.

Come, listen to your mother's word,

And don't get in a passion ;

Pray, Jonathan, put past your sword,

For fear you get a thrashing.

If John, your father, knits his brow,

Remember he'll not trifle ;

His hands, though in his pockets now,

Will soon take down his rifle.

This late affair on board the *Trent*,¹

With your *Jacinto's* crew,

You will have reason to repent,

When *Jacks* get into you.

¹ Messrs. Sliddell and Mason, the Confederate Commissioners, were forcibly removed from the West Indian mail steamer *Trent* by the commander of the American war-ship *San Jacinto*.

To *Seaward*¹ I must send my tars,
And ask for reparation :
If you would save your stripes and stars,
Give up Sliddell and Mason.

And when on you our *Lyon*² calls,
Then humbly beg for pardon ;
Or, by the Dome of Great St. Paul's,
Your life's not worth a farthing.

O Jonathan, do not mistake !
If you will fight, go rather
And drive the Mormons from the Lake,
Than now disturb your father.

For if you rouse him from his sleep,
Or madly try his patience,
He'll take his Armstrong gun, and sweep
Your name from 'mong the nations.

¹ Mr. Seward, American Secretary.

² Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Washington.



An Unco True Tale.

I was musing one day in Old Pentland Churchyard,
On the martyrs of old that lie under the sward ;
A dark cloud of thought pressing heavy, I ween,
As my mem'ry reverted to dark Rullion Green.

I wail'd a sad dirge o'er the tombs of the brave—
Those warriors who died our religion to save,
And thought of their bones mingling under the sod ;
But was suddenly roused by a noise on the road.

As I sat in deep thought, my wee doggie the while
Rush'd and bark'd at a gig as it pass'd the kirk stile ;
With wrath kindled to fury, the driver let thrash,
Dragging off my wee beast on the end of his lash.

By his tail thus entangled my doggie did roll,
Like an old woolly mop on the end of a pole;
Two young girls sat laughing—one sneeringly said,
‘That’s a clever wee dog ; he can run on his head.’

This was insult to injury mingled with pain,
It is sinfu’ to curse, but I scarce could refrain ;
The damsels exulted ; but it stifled my breath,
For my wee Charlie’s¹ life appear’d ending in death.

Rushing on to the fray, by the aid of my knife
I succeeded in saving his precious wee life ;
I sever’d the tie, but must ever bewail—
I return’d with my doggie, but minus his tail.

¹ The dog’s name.





On the Birth of an Heir to Lee.¹

1845.

WHY are these woods of their verdure forsaken?

'Tis the power of bleak winter now marked on each
tree ;

But spring will return, and fresh flowers will awaken
And reanimate all round the mansion of Lee.

The white robes of winter are spread all around,
While the sweet braes of Nemphlar seem shaggy
and bare ;

And the stillness of night is awoke by the sound
Which re-echoes the Baron is bless'd with an heir.

We hail thee, dear boy, to the home of thy sire,
To the land where its thistles in freedom yet wave ;

¹ The above was written when the author was fifteen years of age.

May a patriot glory thy bosom inspire,
To protect from her foes the old land of the brave.

Let gladness and mirth ring through cottage and hall,
Spread the voice of rejoicing wide o'er the domain ;
Away, then, with prophecy ! tell of its fall,¹
For Lee is now free from its fetters again.

The talisman penny is known o'er the earth,
There are few but have heard of the hollow oak tree ;
But away with such subjects, go tell of the birth !
Say an heir is now born to the old house of Lee.

May the Monarch of all guide his footsteps below,
And in duty's pure path teach him ever to roam ;
May his name in the pages of history glow,
And immortally shine through ages to come.

¹ This has reference to a prophecy that an heir would not be born to the house for 300 years, which was now confuted.





Cabby's Plea.

PRAY excuse me, kind reader, for drinking—

You hae truth to support what ye say ;
But expose ye like me, and, I'm thinking,
You would whiles tak a wee drappie tae.

On a wet day I stand and get drookit,
And I breakfast on herring or ham ;
As for dinner, I've nae place to cook it,
And it's that maks me flee to a dram.

I stand shivering in all sorts o' weather,
A sad victim to fate or to chance ;
While some round heads are plotting together
Jist to drive me away frae my stance.

Oh, I wish that some provost or bailie
Was engaged for a week as I am ;
I feel sure they would nae mair assail me
For indulging at times in a dram.

Why deny us poor cabbies a siding ?
O ye powers ! it would dae ye nae harm.
As we serve ye sae weel, let us bide then
Where'er we can keep ourselves warm.

All ye magnates, hear this my petition,
And heed not each auld wifie's cram ;
More freedom would mend my condition,
And mak me tak less to the dram.

Don't be sneering, ye drinkers o' water ;
Water's a' very good, that is plain.
I get plenty quite fresh frae headquarters,
For I often get steepit in rain.

I am kick'd and abused, there's nae doubt o't ;
Chased and hunted like dogs at a ram :
'T'houg I whiles tak a drap, what about it?—
It is oft my sole comfort—a dram.





The Waning Year : A Dirge.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year ! We hear thy dying moan,
And feel not in the least the least dismay,
Thy doings now can never more atone :
Our pæan is that thou hast pass'd away.

Old Year ! with pride we watch'd thy opening spring,
And all the summer thou didst promise fair :
The autumn caused our hearts with joy to sing—
Our joy was fullest when our fields were bare.

Britannia as of yore her ships did send,
And Commerce like a fawn was bounding free ;
Her sons her laws were ready to defend,
And thus her power increased on land and sea.

But, ah ! Old Year ! we watch'd thy wayward pranks
Rise like a rock above Time's surging wave,
And saw dull trade, shatter'd and broken banks,
Prepare thy dark and ignominious grave.

Good-bye, Old Year ! shake hands and quickly go,
Bid thy young mate strew blessings on our isle :
By dire misfortune we are brought so low,
That we now long to see the young year smile.





A Day's Fishing on the Leithen.

ONE day, late in autumn I went out a-fishing,
Up near the spring beds of Leithen's bright stream ;
I wander'd at ease with Dame Nature's permission,
Enjoying the while a sweet holiday dream.

'The wind and the clouds sported there 'mong the
mountains,
And pardon the phrase, seem'd playing bo-peep,
'The water gush'd out from the winter-pent fountain,
And snow-drift had fill'd all the valleys so deep.

I wander'd on fishing, all footsore and weary,
And thought not of home till the sun had nigh set ;
But when pacing downward yon mountain so hoary,
I there saw a sight I can never forget.

For lo ! in the shade of a belt of dark pine trees,
The world seem'd sleeping, the wind also still,
I there saw a sight that made my warm blood freeze :
O God ! 'twas an aged man dead on the hill.

My hair stood on end, and I ceased awhile breathing,
I look'd up to heaven and cried in despair,
Is the wanderer dead, or is he still living ?
He is gone, for the ice and snow cling to his hair.

I look'd round for help, but no being was near him,
All was lonely and still, and wild as Glen Ogle ;
I crept near the object and gently did stir him,
And found, after all, 'twas an *Auld Tattie Bogle !*





Braxfield Woods.

THE trees a' roun' Braxfield were burstin' wi' buds,
The wild-flowers o' spring were bedeckin' the braes,
When jist at the gloamin' I stray'd in the woods
To lilt a bit sang in my dear Nanny's praise.

Each warbler around me seem'd cheerin' its mate,
Mair joyous their sang at the e'enin's decline ;
But dreary to me now, and sad is my fate,
For my dearest Nanny nae langer is mine.

Yon star far aboon me that's shinin' sae bright,
I hail with devotion its nightly return ;
Its rays, pure frae heaven, oft fill'd wi' delight
Twa souls wrapp'd in love by the side o' yon burn.

Why doth the flower that is tender and fair
First bend its head to the rude winds that rove ?
Or why should a being like Nanny, so rare,
Thus wither and die in the morning of love ?

Braxfield's fair woods in due season may bloom,
And ithers enjoy what delighted us there ;
But now to my heart they bring naething but gloom—
Their charms are a' blighted, my Nanny's nae mair.





Jean Fluker's Address to Provost B——.

BEING UNCO PROUD, HE DIDNA PATRONIZE THE CIRCUS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY.

A REAL guid man oor Provost is,
Tho' Circus-folk misca' him ;
I tell't oor Jock I liked his fiz
The first time that I saw him.

They blame him sair for *lovin' Grace*—
They maun be senseless asses ;
King Sol'mon liked a weel-faur'd face,
And his daddy lo'ed the lasses.

Noo Provost B—— is no sae bad,
Tho' maist folk think he's errin' ;—

When oor lads canna bring in cod,
They're quite content wi' herrin'.

For turbot Newsome spread his net,
Which braw folk think a dainty ;
Noo, frien's, it's very ill to get,
And dear because it's scanty.

But Provost B——'s a man o' sense,
In ony sense ye tak it ;
Gif he's put up a gospel fence,
He'd be a fule to break it.

Noo, frien's, in Newsome's Circus ring
Men flee about like squirrels ;
Aboon yer head on rapes they swing,
Syne row about on barrels.

Twa three o' us gaed up ae nicht,—
It made me feel sae nervous,
The crood was sittin', sic a sicht !
Pack'd like a creel o' garvies.

We paid oor saxpence, that of course,
 The price o' twa guid haddies,
 And saw, my certy, some braw horse,
 An' wee performin' cuddies ! .

A man jump'd through a paper blad,
 While on a horse jist rockin' ;
 He had nae claes on—if he had,
 They were as ticht's my stockin'.

At ae fule, no sae big as Jock,
 I laugh'd an hour, I'm certain;
 He was so funny when he spoke,
 And lookit like a partan.

A kimmer danced upon a horse,—
 She was a strappin' hizzie ;
 She boo'd tae Jock, gaun roun' the course,
 Which made me feel quite dizzy.

As true's I'm here, I held my breath,
 And couldna sit it langer ;

And felt as I could skelp them baith,
I was sae het wi' anger.

Ane Turpin loupit ower a yett,—
This set us to the quarrellin' ;
Quo' Jock, 'I dinna care for that,
I'd rather see Grace Darling.'

Thinks I, he seems to ken them a',
They've maybe taen a notion ;
For oor Jock is sae trig and braw,
Sae muckle on the ocean.

I'd see the Circus, I may tell,
And never think nae mair o't ;
But gif my man should gang himsel,
I'm really no sae shure o't.

As Jock keeps whiles a Sunday schule
In oor bit fishin' clachan,
I warn'd him no to play the fule,
But jist to act wi' caution.

Noo, Provost B——, I'm unco proud
 Ye didna stoop sae low, man,
 And squeeze yersel in sic a crood
 To see this kind o' show, man.

The haill toon kens yer unco guid,
 An' aiblins they're expectin'
 That ye may tak it in yer head
 To stop a' sic play-actin'.

Its guid eneuch for Jock an' me
 To see sic gentry ridin',
 But no a place we like to see
 Oor ain guid Provost B—— in.

Gin ye'll but ding this Circus doon,
 As shure as I'm a sinner,
 I'll bring, the first day I'm in toon,
 A braw cod for yer dinner.



An Experience.

ONE day I went a-fishing
In a sequester'd spot ;
And now, without permission,
I'll tell you what I got :
I did not get my basket full ;
But in my chest I hold
All that I got ; for, like a fool,
I fish'd and caught—a cold.





Lines sent to Mrs. Duff

(NOW BLIND) ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY SON.

I AM left now to weep here, my own darling boy !
Death hath reft me, alas ! of my heart's dearest joy ;
Tho' heavy the stroke falls, this lightens the load—
To know that it nears me to heaven and God.

Thou art gone now, my darling, where there is no night,
To where our dear God is the spirit of light.
This earth seems to me but a desolate track,
And I know I am sinful in wishing thee back.

I know, dearest boy, God hath taken thee home,
And beckons on me a poor sinner to come ;
My prayer is ceaseless by night and by day,
To strengthen my faith here, and lead me the way.

Dear Father in heaven, tho' dim be my sight,
In hope I still cling to thee, Author of light ;
All life springs from Thee, turn my grief into joy,
And bear me away to my own darling boy.





The Modern Creed of a Ruling Elder.

'And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapped him in religion.'

BURNS.

It's by this creed I did succeed,
And now I give it free to you—
Do all your neighbours while you can,
But watch your neighbours doing you.

In matters, whether Church or State,
This little secret I reveal—
If wish'd to be thought good and great,
Give publicly, and private steal.

Take when you can—the safety valve
Is, while you steal, mind also pray ;

Do take, but give the Church for salve—
One-tenth will wipe the sin away.

And when you take, look bold and brave,
Give God the thanks, and no man trust ;
Better be thought a wealthy knave,
Than poor, altho' consider'd just.





Lines on the Tay Bridge Disaster.

ROLL on, dark Tay ! where thy mad wavelets roll,
An awful tragedy appals the soul ;
The bridge that spann'd thy stream in chain-like form
Hath been into the seething current borne,
And all its living freight have perish'd in the storm.

One awful leap, and then life's struggle's o'er,—
The guilty storm low stifles with its roar;
A train immersed ! God help them, now a prey,
Imprison'd, drown'd, from earth they've pass'd away,
Ere they could know their doom, or form their lips to
prayer.

Roll on, dark stream ! the imps of yawning hell
Seem to have found in thee some cave to dwell ;
While Jove and Neptune both conspire to sweep
This ill-starr'd train into the swollen deep,
And hush'd all in a moment to eternal sleep.

O God, we ask, why should such storms have birth,
Then be unloosed to desolate the earth ?
Hath science dared, O Heaven, to mar Thy breath,
Or laws been broken, that Thou pour'st Thy wrath,
To sweep man and his works to nothingness and death !

Roll on, dark stream ! while thou art known as Tay,
Succeeding ages will bewail the day ;
As time rolls on and brings successive years,
That fatal day will start afresh the tears
Of thousands, who will quail as dark December nears.





Address to Lord Palmerston.

PARDON, I pray, revered and honour'd Sir,
My unpoetic lay, which rude may be ;
Though not a Homer, I will try to stir
My lyre, now nearly mute, in praise of thee.

I fawn and flatter none—scorning such things ;
And court no favour—God hath favour'd me ;
I labour cheerfully, and labour brings
All I am needful of or wish to be.

A subject, too, of our most gracious Queen—
Beyond a narrow sphere I am unknown ;
'Tis through the Press I peer behind the scene,
And view with pride the pillars round the throne.

Thou art the greatest—Trajan-like dost stand,
The centre pillar of our 'sea-girt isle ;'
Some nations call thee bold and stern, but bland
At home, and wearing a complacent smile.

Great hero ! free from all war's direst stains,
Thou art the greater, being bloodless great ;
Thy power is built by lessening others' pains,
And guiding on the chariot of the State.

At first thou wert accused of want of tact—
Not skill'd in driving such a pond'rous load ;
Some cried, ' Give up the reins ; ' and some, ' Go back,
Thou wilt upset the waggon on the road.'

But no ; full conscious of thy power and skill,
Swerving to right nor left, thou kept'st thy way,
And stay'd the fears of those who boded ill—
Proved by the blessings we possess to-day.

Hadst thou, as was desired, lent Britain's aid
To help small States, who could foresee the end?
Bringing a host of foes about her head—
Perchance to save some thankless little friend.

With eagle-eye thou scann'dst the distant rocks,
And led the vessel farther out to sea ;
So doing, saved the Old Ship many shocks
That might have bruised her timbers but for thee.

Hadst thou been umpire in that bloody strife
Now blasting those fair continental lands,
Thy counsel would have been to 'sheathe the knife,
And shed not brother's blood by brother's hands.'

'Tis here wherein thy power, thy greatness lies,
To make by lawful means more friends than foes ;
Respect thy neighbours, but, should they despise,
Chastise them with a few decisive blows.

All nations hear, and lean upon thy words ;
Thy after-dinner speeches sound afar ;
And when in Parliament thy voice is heard,
It sways the universe in peace or war.

Thou art Achilles-like in word and deed—
To ridicule canst turn opposing rage ;
Thou learn'st from all—to rich and poor giv'st heed—
Canst please the schoolboy, or instruct the sage.

When Calumny late flung her poison'd dart,
The wound was slight—*thou never felt'st the pain* ;
When blood is foul, the sore does keenly smart ;
When clean and pure, it heals as soon again.

The tallest trees the first bend to the blast,
The lightning-rod protects the tow'ring spire,
The air is purer when the storm is past,
And gold becomes the finer through the fire.

Thy name, so interwoven with our State,
Shall live when other names have come and gone ;
Thy works have built thyself a pile more great
Than any monument of crumbling stone.

The black'ning war-clouds we again descry—
But ha ! Britannia has no cause for fear ;
On thee and thy supporters we rely—
The Army, Navy, and the Volunteer.

Tis not the gilded trappings kings bestow,
Nor love for honours, stimulated thee ;
A purer wish did from thy bosom flow—
To make Britannia great, and keep her free.

Long may'st thou live, until within thy breast
A change thou long'st for of thine own accord ;
When bow'd with years, may'st thou obtain that rest
In store for all the people of the Lord.

And when this earthly scene shall disappear,
And thou no more delight'st in earthly things,
May'st thou have measured out, as thou hast here,
The highest honour from the King of kings.

The following letter was received for the above lines :—

DOWNING STREET, *25th January 1864.*

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., and I beg to return you my best thanks for it and for its enclosure.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

PALMERSTON.

G. DOBIE, Esq.



Welcome, Garibaldi, to Scotland.

GARIBALDI, will you come
To the land of rocks and heather,
Where we bask in freedom's sun,
Hardy as our mountain heather?

Garibaldi, will you come?
Scotland's sons will up to meet thee,
And her maidens, every one,
With their brightest smiles will greet thee.

Garibaldi, will you come?
Have you ever heard our story,
How our fathers bled, and won
With their blood our nation's glory?

Garibaldi, will you come

To the land each freeman hallows,
Where our bards extol in song
All the deeds of Bruce and Wallace?

Garibaldi, will you come,

Where a people worship heroes?
We'll rejoice to think that one
So akin to them is near us.

Garibaldi, will you come?

War's wild waves seem now as ripples,
Having hurl'd from his throne
Cruel Bomba, king of Naples.

Garibaldi, will you come?

Truth and freedom string your nerves,
And the truly godlike man
Is the being God preserves.

Garibaldi, will you come?

Tell the world why we want ye :

Dearly were your laurels won,
When you fell at Aspromonte.

Garibaldi, will you come?
War hath been proclaim'd before ye,
And the strife has now begun :
Who will most, great chief, adore thee?

Come then, Garibaldi, come,
Scotland is in arms to meet thee ;
Every man and maid will run,
Great chief, to be first to greet thee.





Farewell to Peebles.

FAREWELL, bonny Peebles, in sorrow I leave all
Thy hills and thy valleys, and green wooded dells ;
The sweeter the spot the deeper doth grief fall,
When one bids adieu where so much beauty dwells.

Farewell, bonny Peebles, thy beauty, indeed,
Lies mirror'd within me wherever I go ;
I bend as a slave to the silvery Tweed,
And worship this stream that so sweetly doth flow.

Farewell, bonny Peebles—fresh as thy mountains,
Brave and stout-hearted as oaks are thy men ;
Lovely thy maidens, and pure as the fountains,
A' bloomin' in health, lendin' charms tae each glen.

Farewell, bonny Peebles, the angler's retreat,
Where the hills and the streams to sportsmen are
free,
Where many kind hearts oft in unison meet,
And a' things created seem bounding wi' glee.

Farewell, dear companions, time fled too fast,
But this pleasant feeling I'll ever retain ;
Those gay social hours in my memory will last,
Until I shall see bonny Peebles again.





Song for the Season.

1881.

SOMETHING's gane wrang wi' the weather,
The season's sae far, far ahin',
We've been done out o' spring a'thegither,
And simmer seems sweer to come in.

The trees are as bare as auld bushes,
There's scarcely a bud to be fun';
The east wind's sae cauld that it crushes
The flowers as they peep through the grun'.

Something's gane wrang wi' the weather,
The sun seems quite out o' his place ;
For days, and e'en weeks, noo thegither
We'll no see the sight o' his face.

Lammies, sae brisk and sae bonny
(Or should be, in April, I'm told),
This bleak year ye scarcely see ony,
And what's seen are deein' wi' cauld.

Something's gane wrang wi' the weather,
Which pits us a' sair out o' tune ;
Round the fire we sit huddled together,
While we should be warm as in June.

Come now, O come, flowery simmer ;
Cauld Boreas, away wi' your train ;
Ye've sae lang been a stranger, sweet simmer,
We weary to see you again.





On Seeing a Wasp

IN THE NEW CHURCH AT ALLOWAY, 24TH AUGUST 1880.¹

WHY here, wee busy, buzzin' thing,
Disportin' roun' on lightsome wing?
Had you but ta'en your aerial swing
 'Mang leafy trees,
Where nae puir wretches dread your sting,
 'Twad better please.

Wee wasp, to leave the caller air,
And come within this house o' prayer,
Bummin' sae loud as gar folk stare,
 And lout wi' fright,
Then strain their eyes to see next where
 Ye mean to light.

¹ This church is in the immediate vicinity of Auld Alloway Kirk.

There now, against the window pane
 Ye bum wi' a' your nicht an' main ;
 I guess ye'd fain be out again,

 But, ah ! I fear
 The warrant's out, ye may be slain
 For coming here.

The very priest, ye've roused his ire,
 And stirr'd up an unholy fire ;
 For to oppose him ye aspire,
 Thus, wi' yer bummin' ;
 The hail attention ye acquire
 Frae man an' woman.

But, losh ! what made ye enter here,
 To rouse in pious breasts sic fear ?
 Did you descry the sign of beer
 On toppers' noses,
 Or think the gumflow'rs lasses wear
 Are nature's roses ?

But noo I see ye're in a fix ;
 Ye've taen tae stingin' arms and necks,
 And yon auld wifie wi' the specs
 Ye've sair tormentit ;
 But I can see what's coming next—
 Ye'll soon repent it.

Puir restless thing, ye've changed your track,
 And scaled the heights o' Grannie's back !
 A laddie's near, and means to whack—
 Troth he has done it,
 And nail'd ye, like a carpet tack,
 Wi' his blue bonnet.

Wee wasp, late sportin' in the sun,
 Thy course nae doubt hath early run ;
 How pleased ye enter'd wi' a bum,
 Honey your aim,
 Ne'er thinkin' to God's house ye'd come
 Jist to be slain !

Puir wasp ! in thy unlucky plight
We see the fate of men o' might,
Some venture oft where they've nae right ;
 They strut an' stare,
Get squash'd, and then gang out o' sight—
 Guidness kens where !





Summer.

HEAVEN and earth seem united,
Ring forth a pæan of praise—
Nature, which lately seem'd blighted,
Now smiles in the sun's cheering rays.

Mountains with verdure are cover'd
And clad to their summits with green ;
Where the dark winter storm hover'd,
Light fleecy clouds now are seen.

Array'd all in floral attire,
Fields now look gay as a bride ;
While beings, delighted, admire
The beauties of woodland and glade.

Earth is with insect-life teeming ;
Butterflies sport 'mid the bloom ;
The wind, too, wantonly roaming,
Wafting afar the perfume.

The blue sky above is serene ;
The waters are placid below ;
All Nature proclaims by her sheen
'Tis summer wherever we go.

Summer I trace on each blossom,
Trees the affirmative nod,—
Summer I feel in my bosom,
All proving the goodness of God.





Bleatings from the Flock of 3— P— U. P. Church.

FAREWELL, now, Bob, farewell, again into the lurch
You've brought your Father's house—I mean our
U. P. Church :

Not that we are angry,—far better that we part
Than have you for a shepherd, without a shepherd's
heart.

You call'd us your *Dear Flock* (we have been sheep
indeed,
To such a faithless shephérð ever to give heed),
And then to turn your back, and call us poor as Job
After you had fleeced us—who would have thought it,
Bob?

Your Master must be angry ; yes, He must be so :
His vineyard to have left, as vines began to grow ;
The tender budding stems, that should be bearing fruit,
You have now forsaken, and torn up by the root.

Your Master, well we know, is purest of the pure,
And must be very patient such conduct to endure ;
Because He gave you soil a little hard to till,
Fie, oh fie, to leave it, then say, ' You did His will !'

We have heard you pray, Bob : we do believe in prayer,
It is the sweetest solace in ev'ry earthly care ;
But care in after life must your companion be,
Were you to think on nought save ' Kirkwood's
 . almond tree.'¹

You wish'd it long might flourish ; we thought you,
 Bob, sincere,
As once upon your Bible we saw you drop a tear .
If true, it was a sin, Bob, first to call him Father—
Blessing with the one hand, and blasting with the
 other.

¹ An allusion to the pastor's silver hair.

Where is true religion? Where is the sacred fount?
That we may get it pure, as given on the Mount;
Some bid us go and buy; but, ah! the more we pay,
Instead of alabaster, we get enamell'd clay.

What tempted you to leave us, Bob? 'Twas but the
other day
You call'd us *Dear Belovèd*, when we advanced your pay;
We thought you then sincere, but, ah! we have been
sold,
For all your fond affection was centred in the gold.

Your good old stock of sermons, which here you have
gone through,
In Glasgow, renovated, may *pass* as being new,—
More pay, and less to do; why should it be thought
strange?
Perhaps you're fond of novelty, and wearying for a
change.

You often dinn'd into our ears, a house can never stand
If it's foundation rests upon the shifting sand;

Your case now proves it true ; your labour here for
years,
Not being founded on a rock, entirely disappears.

And now that you are gone, your flock is in the lurch,
They, too, have left the fold and stray away from
church ;
But why should we despair, we'll up and look abroad,
And trust no more in man, but trust alone in God.

Farewell, then, Bob, farewell ; one word before we part,
Your vaulting young ambition, it yet may vex your
heart ;
Ah ! shut your ears to flattery, and stedfast be in love,
You'll be a better man below, and happier far above.





The Saumon.

I WENT to Tweed the ither nicht
Wi' a' my gear sae braw, man ;
And thocht on fishin' by moonlicht,
And try my luck for saumon.

Need I describe pale Nature's face ?
The trees were white wi' snaw, man ;
But this, I think, is out o' place
When ane is bent on saumon.

Near to the river-side there lay
A boat sae clean but sma', man ;
The name on her was Mary Gray,
And used for catchin' saumon.

I ventured into Mary Gray,
But she began to draw, man ;
Syne stuff'd the hole wi' wisps o' strae,
Then went in search o' saumon.

I saw some fish soom roun' aboot,
Then marshal in a raw, man ;
Ane thirty pund I singled out—
A beauty of a saumon.

I struck, it turn'd as wi' disdain,
It tried to rin awa', man ;
And then upturn'd its silvery wame,
This beauty of a saumon.

It wriggled, but I held it fast—
It was without a flaw, man—
And squeezed it till it breathed its last,
This beauty of a saumon.

But, guidness, this was a' a dream,—
The wife lay next the wa', man ;

I caught her leg, which gart her scream,
And thocht it was a saumon.

So this accounts for my bare pow,
Noo pookit like a craw, man :
On bended knees I had to vow
To fish nae mair for saumon.





Lines sent to a friend

ON A NEW YEAR'S CARD, JANUARY 1, 1881.

MAY this year o' a' the rest
Be the brightest and the best :
And may every passing year
In rotation bring you cheer :
May your barrels aye be fu'
Wi' meal, beer, or mountain dew.
Lord, preserve, oh, dinna waste them,
And I'll ca' some day and taste them !





Spirits.

'Tis very strange that grain,
When bruised, a spirit flows,
To stupefy the brain
And tint and swell the nose.

Thus spirits, good and ill,
We get in many a form ;
But hail that spirit still
That wimples frae the worm.





Oor ain bonny Toon.

IN simmer time lately I wander'd away
To the auld Calton Hill at the close o' the day ;
The sun awa' westward was sinkin' low doon,
As I gazed wi' delight on oor ain bonny toon.

Mist roun' the Pentland Hills lazily lay,
For nae breath o' win' cam' to waft it away ;
The wuds o' Corstorphine seem'd shaded in broon,
And lent quite a charm to oor ain bonny toon.

Oor rock-tow'ring Castle is seen, too, afar,
And looks like a giant triumphant in war ;
And big Arthur's Seat like a lion looks doon,
Aye constantly watchin' oor ain bonny toon.

Is there sic a place lies sae far in the north
 Can ere be compared to oor toon on the Forth?
 Some skies may be brichter; but why so complain?
 It's seldom ye see sic a toon as oor ain.

Oor ain bonny toon, it's a mint, too, o' wealth,
 The hame o' the free, and a fountain o' health;
 A' its merits in sang fain, fain wad I croon,
 But nae words can describe half oor ain bonny toon.





Lines repeated at Burns' Anniversary,

HELD IN THE EDINBURGH HOTEL, JANUARY 25, 1863.

BURNS.

Forget him, did I say? Forget! 'Tis Scotia's bard I mean;
Forget him! No, we never can, while woods and meads
are green.

Forget him! While the earth revolves, and on its axis
turns,

His name shall never be forgot, the honour'd name of
Burns.

Forget him! No, it cannot be,—forget so loved a name!
Old Time the longer that it rolls but addeth to his fame.

Forget him! No; than lightning's flash, now under
man's control,
Far swifter wings the fame of Burns athwart from pole
to pole.

Forget him! Yes, we may forget when stars cease giving
light,
When all the scenes our poet loved are wrapp'd in
lasting night;
When bonny Doon shall upward run, or Ayr's twa
brigs shall float,
And daisies deck the fields no more—then Burns may
be forgot.

Forget him! When the sun forgets to send forth light
and heat;
Forget him! When no human heart is left on earth to
beat;
Forget him! When no summer comes, or verdure
springs to cheer,
When all the birds are mute and still, which he so
loved to hear.

Forget him ! When the earth forgets to grow the cheer-
 ing vine ;
 Forget when rest of woman's love, that joy of joys
 divine ;
 Forget him ! When this pond'rous globe shall either
 burn or rot,—
 Forget him then, but not till then shall his namé be
 forgot.





My Collie Dog Tam.

O' a' the fine collies that ever ye saw,
I hae ane o' my ain that far dings them a';
Gentle by nature, but dour as a ram
If he's interfered wi', my collie dog Tam.

He fechts on the streets, syne will play wi' a wean;
Rins maist out and in if it happens to rain;
If scolded, he uses the mat like a man—
Such a sensible beast is my collie dog Tam.

If I should feel dry and a cronie nicht meet,
The creature would wait for a week on the street;
When seen by the neighbours, they ken whar I am,—
He does it through kindness, my collie dog Tam.

He whiles fa's in love, and absconds for a day ;
He is rakish inclined, but what can ye say ?
He kens he's at faut, and comes hame like a lamb.
What a wonderfu' beast is my collie dog Tam !

He rins a' through the town by day and by nicht,
And strange that he kens his left paw frae his richt ;
When herding, he kent weel a tup frae a dam :
A wonderfu' beast was my collie dog Tam.

If mortal ye be, let me breathe in your lug,
O dinna be cruel tae ony puir doug !
Should I leave this earth, or wherever I am,
He'd like tae be wi' me, my collie dog Tam.





My Paroquet.

LET me sing in tunefu' numbers,
Hush ! ye prudes, and dinna fret ;
This tirade won't mar your slumbers :
My theme is my wee paroquet.

Where it cam' frae—a' about it,
If ye listen I will tell ;
It's frae India—dinna doot it—
A near frien' brought it himsel'.

A wee black laddie speel'd a tree—
A tall Indian banana—
Took it frae a nest o' three,
And sell't it for an anna.

But before I tell its story,
Let me briefly praise its sheen ;
It is such a little fairy,
Feathers bright as emerald green.

Little eyes—its beak vermilion—
Round its neck a rosy ring ;
In its rounded wire pavilion
Pleased it loves to sit and swing.

It is such a beauty, really,
Ne'er was such another seen,
And hauds conversation daily
Wi' a' comers, wife or wean.

Ca's itsel' a pretty polly ;
Cries, ' Dear doctor, polly's sick,'
' Kill the cat,' then ' Flora, Flora,
Cup o' tea for polly, quick !'

It talks or whistles all the day,
Laughs and screams beyond control ;

'Then stands erect, as if 'twould say,
'Am not I a pretty poll?'

It meets me in a cheery mood,
When we part it seems to cry,
Wi' its wee head it gies a nod,
Calling out, 'Old boy, good-bye.'

I'll never blame auld maids again
Liking parrots; this I ken,
And learn frae this ane o' my ain,
They've mair sense than mony men.

But noo, wee polly, to revert,
Had ye no been brought away,
It is needless to assert
What had been your fate to-day.

By fierce vultures torn asunder,
Or some tiger's prey become;
Maybe roasted to a cinder
Underneath a burning sun.

Noo ye're cosy in my dwellin',
Wi' a' the house a little pet ;
What though storms without be swellin',
Ye're safe wi' me, wee paroquet.





Oor Wonderfu' Cat.

WE'VE a wonderfu' cat, it is Johnny to name,
And mair than a' that, it is wonderfu' tame ;
It is striped like a zebra, and grey as a rat,
An' noo, tho' I say't, it's a wonderfu' cat.

When but young it was fan' in some oot-the-way place—
Its faither or mither naebody could trace.
Its gender's a puzzle, but why care about that ?
Tho' it ne'er got a prize, it's a wonderfu' cat.

What its head canna dae, its wee paws will perform.
It licks at the cream till its lick'd in return.
It steals like an Arab, till noo it's got fat,
And a'body praises oor wonderfu' cat.

It's a Nimrod to hunt, and it keeps a clean house ;
It has patience to play for a day wi' a mouse ;
For breakage, they ca't baith a deil and a brat,
Yet it's greatly esteem'd, this most wonderfu' cat.

We had a canary, it was fine as 'twas tame,
And thought we might lippen the twa pets alane ;
But puss kill'd oor birdie, and a' the house grat,
And yet it is leevin', oor wonderfu' cat.

But the moral is this, why get into a rage,
And rub pussy's nose on the bars o' its cage ?
Ye'll fin' ye hae frien's ye may fondle and pat
Will repay ye in turn, like oor wonderfu' cat.





Scotland Yet.—New Version.

MY AULD GREY-BEARD.

GAE bring my auld grey-beard to me, gae bring it fu'
and fast,

For I maun hae anither wacht ere a' my mirth gang
past ;

And trow ye as I sing, my lads, the burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's yills, and whisky stills, and Scotland's
barley bree ;

I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, wi' a' the honours
three.

The vine waves fair on ither lands, and tints the wine
sae red,

And brings a routh o' goud in turn, and cheers and
warms the bluid ;

But here the fields o' gouden grain, that wave on ilka
lea,
Spreads far frae hame auld Scotland's fame for cakes
and barley bree ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, wi' a' the honours
three.

'The thistle wags upon the fields where Wallace bore
his blade ;'
'Twas Scotland's brose an' barley bree made him sae
strong and guid ;
And looking to the lift, my lads, he sang wi' mirth and
glee,
'Auld Scotland's stills, and Scotland's yills, and Scot-
land's barley bree,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, wi' a' the honours
three.'

They tell o' men in sunny climes, but be they richt or
wrang,
Few quaff'd a cup like Coila's bard, or sang sae sweet
a sang.

I've little skill o' wine, my lads ; the thing that pleases
me

Is Scotland and my auld grey-beard when fu' o' barley
bree ;

I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, wi' a' the honours
three.





My First Pair o' Breeks.

YE courtiers at court, wha gang dress'd in yer best,
Bejewell'd wi' gems, an' wi' pleasure opprest,
I doot if yer joy, though parading for weeks,
Could equal to mine ower my first pair o' breeks.

When the Queen on the throne sits stately in state,
'Twad be wrang to think else but she thinks hersel' great ;
The pleasure she feels comes through loyalty's creeks,
But mine was sublime ower my first pair o' breeks.

Wi' this nether garment, the sum o' my joy,
It was nae silk plush, but gude stiff corduroy,
A' button'd an' sew'd, except twa three steeks,
That made braw an' usefu' my first pair o' breeks.

Nae tailor to fit me had rackit his brain,
My breeks, made for comfort, were easy an' plain ;
Ane auld Mrs. Jobson, wi' specs on her cheeks,
Baith shaped them an' made them, my first pair o' breeks.

The pennies I got then I dinna mind noo,
But kent at the time my pouches were fu' ;
'The buns an' the apples tae served me for weeks,
A' gi'en me to hansel my first pair o' breeks.

'The neebours cam' roond me, an' auld Auntie Ann,
She clappit my heid tae, an' ca'd me a man ;
Some cronies for mischief threw glaur on in streaks—
Sae jealous were they o' my first pair o' breeks.

Had I but retain'd them—it's no oot o' place—
I micht hae preserved them inside a glass case ;
'The treasures an' pleasures are endless ane seeks,
But the joy o' my life was my first pair o' breeks.





Garvald (Lanarkshire).

SHOULD you wish a secluded retreat,
And a draught of the purest of air,
With the essence of a' that is sweet,
To the source of South Medwyn repair,

Where a glen, wi' a burn rinnin' through,
Or rather, twa burnies that meet,
They get wed there, and keep in ae bed,
Then glide awa' saftly and sweet.

Nae big trees outspreading to screen
This burnie, that skips like a sprite,
Its water, sae bonny and clean,
Washes a' the wee chuckie-stanes white.

It now forms a pond in the mead,
Where outward twa burnies doth glide—
The Tarth, rinnin' on to the Tweed,
The Medwyn, meandering to Clyde.¹

Tho' of foliage scanty and bare,
This is a sequester'd retreat—
Here the sweetest of warblers repair,
And their sangs to each ither repeat.

And creatures created for sport
Cease here to be counted as game :
E'en maukins may wander unhurt,
And rabbits, like kittens, grow tame.

Here shepherds may wander at ease,
For in this sweet musical grove
It hath charms all the senses to please,
And retired as an Eden for love.

¹ It is a curious circumstance that in the lawn at Garvald House there is a square pond, with two sluices at the corners—by the north sluice, the stream forming the Medwyn flows into the Clyde, and by the south sluice it forms the Tarth, which flows into the Tweed.

Whenever you tire of the city,
Do haste to sweet Garvald away :
'There you need crave none for pity,
Crave only for leisure to stay.

What tho' with no roof o'er your head,
E'en solitude would be made sweet
By the beauties of nature outspread
In this sylvan, secluded retreat.





The Old Mistletoe Bough.

'Tis the rarest of plants, the old Mistletoe bough ;

'Tis the fairest of plants, the old Mistletoe bough ;

In the winter 'tis seen

So fresh and so green,

Bringing blessings, I ween,

The dear Mistletoe bough.

'Twas a sacred plant to the Druids of old,

When found on the oak more precious than gold ;

And an old festive rite

To worship in white

What angels of light

Named the Mistletoe bough.

'The Mistletoe bough, which we dance round with glee,
It grows in the lap of some old gnarl'd tree.

'Tis revered as a sage,
And thus youth and age
Delight to engage
 'Neath the Mistletoe bough.

Oh, the Mistletoe bough! wherever it bends,

'Tis the signal for all to kiss and be friends.

With its berries so white,
'Tis brightest at night,
When youths with delight
 Hail the Mistletoe bough.

Dear Mistletoe bough, sweet source of my bliss,

Beneath thee I tasted a lover's first kiss ;

While thus learning the art,
It was Cupid's dart
First wounded my heart
 'Neath the Mistletoe bough.

As sweet-scented roses deck summer's fair brow,
In winter as sweet comes the Mistletoe bough.

Thus the old year may wane,
But 'tis cheering again
Such joy to retain
From the Mistletoe 'bough.





Lines suggested on Her Majesty Queen Victoria

PAYING A VISIT TO LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

GREY ruin'd tower, so dim upon yon isle,
Oft have I read, and thought, and dreamt of thee,
And long'd to see thee ; but my heart the while
Repell'd the thought, as rocks repel the sea.

Ah ! can it be, is that lone isle the spot,
The prison home of Scotia's fairest Queen ?
Alas ! adown Time's vista now doth float
My memory, on seeing this sweet scene.

Unhappy Queen ! Nursed in a sunny clime,
The storms of faction for thee far too rude ;

Thy youth and beauty proved but sport to time,
Few knew thy virtues, few discern'd thy good.

O fairest Queen, for happiness too fair,
Thy days were few, and brief thy morning smile !
I weep to think with life so large a share
Of grief was thine, intern'd in this fair isle.

O Mary Stewart, sad but lovely Queen !
I'll stay my tears, and as I journey on
Give thanks to God my subjects' love has been
The brightest jewel of my earthly crown.

These lines having been sent to Her Majesty, the following letter was received :—

'Lieut.-General Sir H. Ponsonby is commanded to thank Mr. Dobie for the lines which were enclosed in his letter of the 20th inst., and which Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept.

'BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
June 27, 1879.'





Cartland Crag.

Tune—Loch na Gair.

AWAY, ye smooth streamlets, that wind through our
valleys,

Retreat sweetly shaded, where lovers may roam ;
Give me the ravine once frequented by Wallace,
Where Mouse rolls in anger and surges with foam.

Ah, yes! dearest Scotland, beloved are thy rivers
That sweep to the sea from the deep mossy slags ;
But Mouse's dark stream I will cherish for ever,
That bounds through the defile of dark Cartland
Crag.

Dark, dark Cartland Crag, the theme of my story,
Sweet music in childhood thy stream's rolling waves ;



While musing on Wallace, a halo of glory
 Illumes this ravine and its dark hiding-caves.

Hail ! cradle of freedom, where'er Scotsmen wander,
 Towards old Caledonia their ardour ne'er lags ;
They think on the valour of Wallace, and ponder
 On the dawn of his glory, in dark Cartland Crag.

There grows all the verdure that blooms in our wood-
 lands,
 From tiny bluebells to the old gnarl'd oak,
And where the bold eagle in safety its brood once
 Could rear undisturb'd on the shelves of the rock.

To scenes such as these I can never grow callous,
 While heath decks our hills, and free roam the stags ;
While dear to all Scotsmen and Scotland is Wallace,
 Next dear as her hero is dark Cartland Crag.

Dark, weird-like, lone glen, sweet scene of my childhood,
 In summer's bright sunshine for ever in shade,
Thy grim frowning rocks giving gloom to the wild wood,
 Where freedom was nursed and no foe dare invade.

Ah ! Scotland, thy story endears admiration,
An exile from thee but a weary life drags ;
'Tis this swells thy glory o'er earth as a nation,
The deeds of brave Wallace, and dark Cartland Crag.





Newington, Edinburgh.

SEARCH the city roun' and roun',
Search it tae baith up and doun,
Ye'll no fin', I wad a croon,
Sae sweet a spot as Newington.

On the Braids the lammies bleat,
Birds their e'ening sangs repeat,
And the win' frae Arthur's Seat
Blaws caller aye on Newington.

Nae mists here obscure the sun,
Clouds play roun' the moon for fun,
Stars the darker by-ways shun,
An' brichter shine on Newington.

Chiels o' wit and learning here,
Lasses braw, wi' lots o' gear ;
Roun's o' pleasure a' the year ;
E'en angels bide in Newington.

Gospel too, like dads o' cheese,
Raw or toasted, as ye please ;
Lectures too, frae our M.P.'s,
Can a' be had at Newington.

Clubs for youths and balls for queans,
Billiards, ice, and bowling-greens ;
A' kinds o' sport for treating frien's,
Should they repair to Newington.

Loons wi' heads and honest hearts,
Wha delight in sangs or cartes,
And hae ither manly parts,
To spread the fame o' Newington.



Councillors and ither guns,
Baillies stout as big maut-tuns,
Men o' sense and douce auld nuns,
Gie dignity to Newington.

If ye'd live and happy be,
And the sours of life wad flee,
Dinna tak across the sea,
But jist gang south to Newington.

Soon the rail will bring you here,
Where it's simmer a' the year ;
Come, and if ye fin' nae cheer,
It's no the faut o' Newington.





On the Year 1881.

GUID mornin', chubby, wee-faced thing,
Guid'news at last we trust ye bring ;
Tho' to the auld year's heels ye cling,
 We're a' richt fain
Tae see ye tak yer ain bit swing,
 And gang yer lain.

Your infant steps we'll watch wi' joy,
And hail thee, wee bit lauchin' boy ;
While in the lap of time ye toy,
 May naething come
Your prattlin' footsteps tae annoy,
 Young Eighty-One.

Ane's wae tae think that your forbear,
Auld Eighty, has been sic a year,
An' kept us a' in constant fear,

At hame, abroad :
Oor august leader, 'twad appear,
Has tint the road.

Young tho' you be, oh, dinna yield !
But be tae oor auld isle a bield ;
Britannia's trident and her shield
Support the Croon.
Should lawless loons usurp the field,
Gae pu' them doon.

Ane's wae to think Gladstane's gi'en cause
For Irish roughs tae break the laws,—
He that can pick out ithers' flaws,
And mim appears,
Creatin' wi' his hums and haws
Baith bluid and tears.

Ah ! Willie, if ye'd gain renown,
Ye'd ransack every Irish town,
Confiscate firearms tae the Croon,
And never cease
'Till a' this shindy ye put down,
For Ireland's peace.

It's no sic wishy-washy ways
Will gie Britannia better days,
But tae look bold before her faes;
She'll gang the faster ;
For if her weakness she displays,
Then comes disaster.

There's jist anither boon I crave,
Our guid auld Kirk do try tae save ;
What gars her foes incessant rave,
And wi' a thud
Wud tear down what their sires, sae brave,
Bought wi' their bluid ?

Ah ! infant year, wi' tricklin' tears
I watch futurity wi' fears ;
But should ye bring what always cheers,
Sweet peace and plenty,
We'll watch wi' joy the comin' years,
And aye content be.





Petition of the Water of Leith.

ANCE I was a bonny stream,
Boundin' on wi' muckle glee,
Dancin' where bricht sunbeams gleam,
Clear as crystal, roamin' free,

Loupin' licht ower ilka linn—
Thae to me were joyfu' days ;
Bairns about my banks wad rin,
Lasses near me bleach'd their claes.

Nae mills then, wi' lime and dirt,
I was pure as I was free ;
Ta'en to either wash a shirt
Or to mak a cup o' tea.

I was a' that youths could wish,
 They wad wade me without fear,
 Catchin' trout and ither fish,
 Frae the Pentlands to Leith Pier.

Noo, sad contrast, frae the hills
 To the ocean as I go,
 I am task'd to working mills ;
 This is what pollutes me so.

Black wi' mud and white wi' foam,
 Churn'd and chaff'd by ilka wheel,
 Dank and sluggish now I roam,
 Fit to sicken ony eel.

Rinnin' past St. Bernard's Well,
 Hebe's patients I wad cure ;
 Stockbrig, too, wad feel nae smell—
 A' wad prize me if made pure.

Keep' me clean—ne'er mind the cash—
Then I'd never mair repine ;
And my rocky bed I'd wash,
As I used to dae langsyne.





Beaconsfield.

AH! Beaconsfield, and thou art dead—
The guiding star of this great realm ;
Now plunged in woe sad tears we shed,
And bitter grief our souls o'erwhelm.

It is not England only weeps,
All other nations swell the cry :
O'er earth the wave of sorrow sweeps,
That one so great and good could die.

Full ripe with honour as with years,
A faithful steward he has been :
In purpose firm, the prince of Peers,
Serving his country and his Queen.

Great statesman ! words are far too weak
To speak thy praise, thy worth and fame ;
Like to a sunlit mountain peak,
Above compeers shines forth thy name.

'Tis not thy friends alone who mourn,
Though crowds lament and share their woes :
E'en enemies relenting turn,
And now become admiring foes.

And now with bleeding hearts we bend
'Mid grief for one so wise and bold ;
But Beaconsfield, the nation's friend,
Shall live, though dead, till time grows old.





Our Scottish Volunteers.

DEEM us not vain, while in thousands we gather,
Nor weak in displaying our cause to our Queen ;
'Tis to the foeman our strength we would rather
Display, should his plumes on our island be seen.

'Tis duty that calls, and we come from our homes—
From glens, straths, and corries, and mountains afar ;
Our hearts beat the while to our trumpets and drums :
Sweet music in peace, but inflaming in war.

We seek but to fight for home and its treasures ;
No spoiler dare wring from our loved ones a tear.
To die for auld Scotland would be but a pleasure
That swells in the bosom of each Volunteer.

Old Caledonia ! well worth being guarded,
Should invaders covet our mountains or plains,
As Volunteers we would fight unrewarded,
Until our warm blood should grow cold in our veins.

Mock not, nor say we are vainly parading :
It is for 'defence, not defiance,' we mean.
As true Volunteers, let us ever be adding
To serve with our lives aye our country and Queen.





My First Saumon.

A' YE wha try the gentle art—
That pastime dearest to the heart—
To you the news I now impart,
How I felt stunn'd
Catchin' a saumon naething short
O' twenty pund.

Walton, thy name tho' world-wide,
And fishing was thy dearest pride,
I question while the art ye tried,
If e'er ye took
A saumon such as I describe
Wi' line an' hook.

To Birnam, on the river Tay,
In early spring I bent my way,
Resolved at least to hae a day ;
 Syne got a boat,
Then on the waves, swell'd wi' snaw-bree,
 We set afloat.

We tried to please the saumon brood,
And tempt them wi' a' sorts o' food ;
Byt when the phantom cross'd his hood,
 He lap, I ween,
And being in a taking mood,
 I nail'd him clean.

Thus sittin' in the boat fu' snug,
The reel it gaed a fearfu' rug ;
To feel a twenty-pounder tug,
 I bawl'd, 'He's on it !'
And jist to prove 'twas nae humbug,
 Up went my bonnet.

A scene ensued—tho' cold, I trow,
The sweat came tricklin' frae my brow,
The beast he made a fearfu' row,
And off did spin ;
It took a haill half-hour to cowe
An' haul him in.

After a brisk but deadly fire,
It must a leader's breast inspire
To see the vanquish'd foe retire,
Their courage fail,
And watch a captive king expire
In silver'd mail.

I felt a sort of hero now.
The fish lay gaspin' in the bow ;
So oor wee boat did landward row,
And then, for fun,
Fired off twa pistols, jist to show
Victory was won.

We charged again ; but, to our woe,
The clouds discharged a shower of snow.
We linger'd on twa hours or so,
Then wi' our load,
Well pleased, we walk'd the dead march slow
Alang the road.

Whae'er has gout or killin' pain,
Wha's wark produces stress o' brain,
An antidote ye may obtain
That's worth possessin',
If ye some day wad tak the train
An' try the fishin'.

Sweet Birnam seek, where on its way
So proudly rolls the noble Tay,
Where a' the fish worth sport and play
In shoals abound there,
And ye, like me, may catch some day
A twenty-pounder.



Glengarry.

Go, stranger, go ! Why now do you tarry ?
Why dwell in the city till autumn is o'er ?
If beauty ye love, seek the banks of the Garry,
For there all the sweets of the summer's in store.

Dwell not, my muse, on deeds dim and gory,
Nor pause thus lamenting the passions of men ;
Thy grandeur, Glengarry, 's the theme of my story,
And beauty's abode 's in this wild Highland glen.

Go, stranger, go ! Oh, why do you linger ?
See Killiecrankie, with all its lone caves ;
View it while summer still tips with her finger
The drooping boughs kissing the Garry's proud waves.

List thou, oh, list to the sound of the Garry!

Here silent as death, and there seething with rage,
Like some bold chieftain unwilling to tarry,
Here vaulting like youth, and there calm as a sage.

Go, stranger, go! Oh, why will you hover?

The trees bend with nuts, and the heather's in bloom;
A few setting suns, all its glory is over,
Then winter will shade all Glengarry in gloom.





Dan Rae and his Cuddie.

COME and listen to me, men o' ilka degree,
I winna tell lees, na—for leein' I hate ;
But will honestly tell what I ance saw mysel',
A scene I will noo dae my best to relate.

'Twas ae day in winter I happen'd to saunter
Up by the Mound, in a kind o' a study,
When what I'll noo mention took up my attention,
And that was Dan Rae wi' his cart and his cuddie.

Dan was nae badger, tho' he was a cadger,
Or rather a merchant, but on a sma' scale ;
He sell't delf and tins, and bocht rags and banes ;
In fact, Dan sell't a'thing, halesale and retail.

Dan's claes they were raggit and unco sair baggit—
By a'thing he hated a big tailor's bill ;
The maist o' his thinkin' was eatin' and drinkin',
And treatin' his cronies to whisky and yill.

Wi' some undue strokin' Dan's head had got broken,
And, I may add, had been clumsily mendit ;
So ony auld duffer might easy discover
For functions o' trust he had ne'er been intendit.

Dan, tae, had the cunnin' o' pleasin' the women—
Tho' marrit, it ne'er took the heat frae his heart ;
And, I may mention, he paid maist attention
To guid-lookin' queans wha bocht oot o' his cart.

Noo Dan, to my knowledge, had ne'er been at college,
But his auld pow was a model for study ;
Tho' trade whiles was stintit, he aye seem'd contentit
And blithe as a king, wi' his cart and his cuddie.

It was easy discernin' that Dan had nae learnin',
And, but for his stomach, had ever been happy ;
But his callin', nae doubt, whiles affected his throat,
That caused him in turn to indulge in a drappie.

But noo to my story, Dan was in his glory,
But the puir beast could scarce staun on its feet ;
And jist for to help it, began for to skelp it,
When doon wi' a crash gaed the cart on the street.

The cuddie lay sprawlin', while Dan he kept bawlin',
'What's wrang wi' the beastie, he's no fit to pu' ?'
But I see what's the matter ; the draff and the water
I gaed him last nicht, it has filled the brute fu'.

Like spoil after battles, a' Dan's goods and chattels
Lay smash'd on the Mound, and himsel' in a funk ;
• When ony cam' near him, and kindly did spier him,
'What's wrang ?' Dan but blubber'd, 'My cuddie's
got drunk.'

My tale has a moral : some folk in this warl',
They coup their bit cartie, or gang to the wa' ;
Like Dan wi' his cuddie, they winna keep steady,
And somebody else gets the blame o' it a'.





Soonhope Burn.

RIN on, bonny burn ! as ye wimple along,
I'll try, while I've leisure; to sing ye a sang ;
Methinks while you're loupin' and dancin' wi' glee,
You're rinnin' and croonin' a sang to please me.

Rin on, bonny burnie ! it puzzles me sair
To ken how ye sprung to the licht and the air,
And wha guides your wand'rin' ? why didna ye bide
Unseen in the caves o' yon dark mountain-side ?

- Rin on, bonny burnie ! it's cheerin' on earth
- To roam thus, and share in your innocent mirth ;
While ye keep rinnin', your waves winna fail
To send sweet contentment a' down through the vale.

Rin on, bonny burnie ! I see ilka howe
Is teeming wi' sweetness wherever ye row ;
Wee flowers deck your banks, nodding whiles to the
breeze,
Like a bride when she's buskit the bridegroom to
please.

Rin on, bonny burnie ! it's cheerin' to me
To watch a' your freaks on the mountain and lea ;
Where wee trouts and minnows sae wantonly swim,
And seem mair delighted than creatures abune.

Rin on, bonny burnie ! till life shall decline,
May my course on earth be a course such as thine ;
May joy wing the hours, until weary, like thee,
I calmly glide into eternity's sea !





Dinna hing down your head.

DINNA hing down your head tho' you're poor.

Men stamp'd in the image of God
Should be godlike, and learn to endure,
And meekly bend under their load.

Dinna fret tho' your coat be threadbare ;
There are mony braw dress'd, let me tell,
Wha wear a bit dignified air,
And no half sae guid as yoursel'.

Dinna envy yon coof in the street,
Wha looks on puir folk wi' disdain ;
It's his siller has fed his conceit,
And siller has weaken'd his brain.

Dinna sab tho' your purse may be licht,
Nor let past regret dim your een ;
Wark and thrift will soon put ye a' richt,
If your heart and your conscience be clean.

Dinna hing doun your head tho' you're poor ;
It may be decreed in the plan
That ye hae life's crosses to bear—
Then bear what's becoming a man.

Dinna fear, if ye dae for the best,
And shun all the byways of wrong ;
It is labour that sweetens your rest,
And sweat gars the sinews grow strong.

Dinna hing doun your head in despair,
Be upright and strive for the goal ;
To keep whingin' when loaded wi' care,
Is hurtful to body and soul.





We've had nae Simmer ava'.

THE brackens hing broon ower the burn,
There's a keen breath o' frost in the air ;
The swallows and martins in turn
Are off to lands, guidness kens where.

There's no a flower noo to be seen,
And scarcely a hip or a ha' ;
The trees look a' faded and broon,
For we've had nae simmer ava'.

We ne'er see the sun's smiling face
Nor feel now the soft balmy breeze ;
The hurricane comes in its place,
And strips half the forest o' trees.

Flocks cow'r sae cauld-like on the hills,
The birds are a' mute in the shaw ;
The robin at our window-sills
Chirps mournfu' that simmer's awa'.

The craws haud a conclave abune,
To see them in clusters it's plain,
And learn by their cawin' and din,
They too are distress'd wi' the rain.

The streams rin doun cover'd wi' leaves,
And as the waves bear them awa',
To see them rush onward it grieves
That we've had nae simmer awa'.

Waes me for the tatties and grain ;
To see the corn staun in the stooks,
Sheaves up to the bands among rain—
How waefu' and drookit it looks !

Let simmer noo reign in the house,
For outside it's win', sleet, and snaw ;
The season's gane a' to the deuce,
And we've had nae simmer ava'.





Lines

ON THE OCCASION OF MR. AND MRS. S——'S SILVER WEDDING,
OCTOBER 10, 1881.

LIKE the moon with silvery light,
That illumes the darkest night,
May its rays all radiant shine,
Beaming aye on thee and thine,
Till countless moons shall pass away
To hail thy Golden Wedding Day.

I have strain'd my brain to know
What kind of present to bestow,
So in my own and partner's name
I this Ep'thalamium frame,
Asking Heaven to bless through life
You and your beloved wife.

Thus day by day as Heaven spares
 Our lives 'mid earth's perplexing cares,
 I humbly ask to be your friend
 Till life and all its joys shall end ;
 And should that happy wish be mine,
 I'll ever pray for thee and thine.

While we on Time's swift pinions swing,
 May each day's sun new pleasures bring.
 Thus may the years glide sweet away,
 Till comes thy Golden Nuptial Day :
 God grant thee then, when life is done,
 A golden, glorious, setting sun.





A Fishing Disaster.

'Twas close on the change o' the season
(I don't mean the change o' the moon),
When Winter gaed aff for this reason—
To make way for the Spring comin' roun'.

I wanted to smell her sweet breath,
And panted to get 'mang the hills,
And noo, let me tell, I've mair faith
In Spring's caller air than in pills.

Should ony ane fishin' abuse,
Here's a hint that I canna conceal :
Ye may trespass, and gang where you choose,
If ye hae a rod and a creel.

I got my trout rod and a basket,
And hied to a stream near the Clyde,
Fishin' as if I'd been taskit,
The art I so eagerly plied.

The fields were a' bonny and licht,
The bushes and trees lookin' braw,
For they had been coated by nicht
Wi' a pouth'rin' o' frost or wi' snaw.

The burnie winds here like an S,
And sae deep frae the tap o' the brae,
I wad think the height couldna be less
Than that o' a big stack o' hay.

Below me a deep rinnin' eddy,
Where froth like a peerie did spin,
I thocht on the cove so unsteady
Micht hae the mishap to fa' in.

I got an auld root o' a tree,
And made me a seat like a form,
Thus turnin' my face to the lee,
Till I baited my hook wi' a worm.

But, wae's me ! the treacherous burn
Had scoop'd a' the sand frae below,
And ere from the turf I could turn,
I felt the turf turnin' to go.

Ere I could say onything ill,
Or empty my pouches o' cash,
I gaed roun' like the wheel o' a mill,
And fell in the hole wi' a splash.

I felt such an awfu' sensation
When my mouth wi' the water got fu',
I thought on the wife and creation,
And bade them a lasting adieu.

I splutter'd awhile like a fish,
And really I thocht I was droon'd ;
Tho' quite donnart, got haud o' a bush,
Got out, then began to come round.

What big things spring up out o' seed !
Think, reader, for instance, on me :
Here am I, escaped frae the dead,
Jist saved by the branch o' a tree.

And little the waur o' my dookin',
Tho' I was an awfu'-like sicht,
And look'd like a craw when it's pookin',
But may never recover the fricht.

This life has its ups and its downs—
Abs'lom dee'd on the branch of a tree ;
But this I will never disown,
'Twas a branch was the saving o' me.

Fishin's a pleasure, nae doot,
And pleasure, if tax'd by the year,
The biggest o' fools wad find out
It costs them exceedingly dear.

Thro' life it needs unco great care
Oor pleasures to curb and control,
Or, like me, ye may fa' unaware,
And get hurt or get droon'd in a hole.





Only a Fly.

ON SEEING A FLY IN MY ROOM, NOVEMBER 1881.

My theme is a fly—yes, an innocent fly—
Wheeling and winging its flight through the air ;
'Tis a creature with life such as you and I,
Sustain'd and watch'd o'er with omnipotent care.

This poor little fly felt the winter's cold breath,
Enfeebled it fled from the year's circling gloom,
And comes as if vanquish'd, retreating from death,
To hide from the storm in my snug, heated room

But why come so late or thus tarry so long ?
Hast thou, fly, no kindred companions to cheer ?
Or hath nature been kind old age to prolong,
That thou hast been left a lone wayfarer here ?

O child of the summer ! thus courting delight,
Why now from my board so unblushingly steal ?
Oh, better by far, on some rose to alight,
And drink from its bosom a daintier meal !

I have watch'd thee, frail creature, rubbing thy hands,
Then testing thy wings in an aerial flight ;
Next tasting the sweets that thy fancy commands,
Then dazzling thine eyes near my lamp's glaring
light.

'Tis only a fly, yes, 'tis only a fly ;
Oh, spare its brief life, thus disporting with joy !
'Tis God's ; He hath made it ; oh, leave it to die !
Its brief life cold winter too soon will destroy.

Why, O man ! on life's ills fix thy restless eye,
Thus heaping up care in this dull vale below ?
Far better short-lived, like this frolicsome fly,
An hour full of joy than a lifetime of woe.



Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one.

FAREWELL now, Eighty-one!

We hear thy dying chime,
Whilst thou art rushing on,
Adown the stream of time.

The gods have all conspired
To waste earth, sea, and air,
And set thee in the bridge of years
The arch of bleak despair.

Here, on our little isle,
Where'er we chance to go,
We trace thy path the while
Bestrewn with want and woe.

The sun hath hid his face,
For in the sickly grain,
With fainting hearts, we trace
His dull and cheerless reign.

While Jove with Neptune flirts,
And seas rage as in war,
Old Jupiter in anger darts,
And flings his bolts afar.

Convoke again, ye gods !
Your wrath awhile suppress,
And help our groaning land
From out her deep distress.

Our sons may till the soil ;
Ye gods, if ye refrain
To bless and aid their toil,
They labour on in vain !

Then go, old Eighty-one !
In tott'ring from thy throne,

'Tis for thy blear-eyed gloom
Henceforth thou shalt be known.

Then go ! and while we watch
Thee fading from our view,
We'll greet with brighter hopes
The young year Eighty-two.





A Lay from the Workhouse.

My heart's like to break, and tears steal to my een,
Whenever I think on my dear wifie Jean ;
We courted, got marrit, like maist o' oor kin,
And thought we'd be lang spared thegither as ane.

For near twascore years we lived like twa doos,
And each ither's wishes we wadna refuse ;
I work'd hard when young—'twas a wish fill'd my
 breast
'To win gear, and haud up oor heads wi' the best.

We were bless'd wi' twa bairns—kind Heaven did grant
Baith laddies—our hopes thus were raised abune want ;
But Heaven too will'd that they wadna be spared,
And noo they sleep soun' in the lanely kirkyard.

We took a bit dairy, and sell't milk and cream—
The neighbours a' likit to buy frae my Jean ;
Tho' bless'd wi' guid health, Jean took a bit tid,
And for nearly twa years was confined to her bed.

As Jean kept the shop, and look'd after the cash,
'Twas easy to see we wad soon hae a smash ;
Jean couldna look after things, being sae spent :
Twa kye dee'd, the ithers were sell't for the rent.

Oor guidis and oor gear noo gaed off like the win',
And sorry to say we fell sair, sair ahin' ;
To mak' matters worse, I brak my richt leg ;
And noo it was either starvation or beg.

We thought on the workhouse—this gar't Jeanie feel,
For mind she had aye been brought up gey genteel ;
She thought lang, and spak o't wi' tears in her ee,
'That her pride and charity ne'er wad agree.

The workhouse to us seem'd next door to the jail,
But what could we dae when a' else seem'd to fail ?

The Poor-Board did outdoor allowance refuse ;
So Jeanie and I had to gang to the house.

But wha wad hae thought it on this godly sward ?
They took Jean awa' to a separate ward ;
What Heaven ordain'd by a righteous decree,
The Board disregarded, and took Jean frae me.

I see my Jean whiles creepin' up and down stairs,
Workin' her stockin' or maybe at prayers ;
I canna weel join ; hate springs up in my heart
'Gainst men wi' sic feelin's as cause us to part.

I'd split sticks for firewood, or delve in the yaird,
Or dae ony odd turn, as lang as I'm spared,
Or want my bit supper, and wadna complain
Had Jeanie and I a snug corner alane.

I'm weary o' life, and wad fain be away,
But maunna rebel, if God wants me to stay ;
Tho' poverty pinches, life wad be serene
Could I end my days by the side o' my Jean.

It's Christmas, when a' in the house get a treat
Of pudding, or tea, or an extra bit meat ;
For such fusionless trash I don't care a preen,
I'd rather a cellar or garret wi' Jean.

We hae some guid guardians, who weel do their parts,
And ithers whose heads don't accord wi' their hearts;
But maybe they'll mend yet, and come to agree
To get cribs for auld couples like Jeanie and me.





The Wee Raggit Laddie.

I'm a wee raggit laddie, and bide wi' my mither ;
I've an uncle and auntie, but ne'er had a faither—
At least, if I had, he has ne'er spent a shilling
To feed me, or cleed me, or gie me my schuling.

But though raggit and bare, dinna think me a novice,
I gang ance a day to the Register Office,
Where I may be seen there engaged for the Press,
And sell to a' comers the *News* and *Express*.

I've nae shoon on my feet, but I'll tell how I plan it—
I keep them whiles cosie and warm in my bannet,
And lauch at the gents lookin' sickly as parrots ;
They'd be better, like me, wi' mair air in their garrets.

Wi' oor neighbours, the bobbies, we do weel thegither,
And it's jolly guid fun aye to watch ane anither ;
When we're ask'd up to court, to a morning levee,
That the Press gets preferment it's easy to see.

Though I'm dirty and raggit, and shunn'd by the swells,
Like the tick o' the clock, something inwardly tells
That I'll yet be respected some time or anither,
If I dae my duty to God and my mither.

Though I'm noo thocht a being that's no worth the
 heeding,
I'll dae what I can to learn writing and reading ;
For within the rough shell oft is found a pure pearl,
Wha kens but I'll yet be a duke or an earl.





Mountain Dew.

'ILKA BLADE,' ETC., SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

WHEN in the crowded city, and along the streets I pass,
Humanity appears to me to be like blades o' grass;
Some chiels, or blades, look fresh and fair, and stately
as a yew,
While ithers bend and swagger wi' sippin' mountain
dew.

That dew has been refreshin' oft, and is refreshin' still,
Is proved by the repeated draughts that mony toppers
swill.
'This dew fa's not in pearls, but frae worms wimples
through,
And droons mair than it waters aye, this real mountain
dew.

How mony, mony blades ane sees, in life's fresh
 morning spring,
Take early to the mountain dew, and closely to it cling,
Until those green and tender blades get soakit through
 and through,
And fa', uncared for, in their prime, wi' drinkin'
 mountain dew.

It seems a law in nature tae, and nae doot maun be richt,
That a' the dews that ever fa', fa' strongest aye at nicht ;
A wee drap wadna be denied, to strengthen and renew,
But mony blades coup heels ower heads wi' drinkin'
 mountain dew.

In lang, lang nichts o' winter stern, when dining, by
 the by,
Pa' but allows ae glass o' wine to sma' blades, parch'd
 and dry ;
The genial nichts at billiard clubs, where shortly, wi'
 the cue,
They win what moistens mony blades wi' real mountain
 dew.

'Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine you should feel proud
and hie,'
Young tender blades, I do entreat to get not on the
spree ;
I've seen sae mony wither'd stems, ance fresh and fair
as you,
Like grosarts fa', when half in bud, wi' drinkin' moun-
tain dew.





English and Gaelic an' a'.

SONG ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE BY AN AULD STUDENT.

HE ance was a tousie-hair'd loon,
And licht as the down on the thistle,
He cared nae for mither a ploom,
And as for his dad, he micht whistle.
But noo he's oft seen in the papers,
And struts wi' his plaidie sae braw ;
But he's a true Scot though he capers
'Bout English and Gaelic an' a.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a',
For he has the genuine ring
Wi' his English and Gaelic an' a'.

Hurrah for our Blackie sae jaunty,
We ken and can speak o' his worth ;
Our knowledge o' things had been scanty
Had he been coop'd up in the north.
But fortune's breeze sprang in his favour,
He doff'd his short kilt and got shod ;
And thus wi' a little endeavour,
He soon got on learnin's richt road.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
Baith honour and siller it brings
To hae English and Gaelic an' a'.

And when he came here to the College,
Wi' but a short time at the schule,
Some thocht that the strain gaining knowledge
Wad flatten his brain like a fool.
But his talents I needna rehearse,
A' sunbeams shine best through a creek ;
He took to the scribblin' o' verse,
And soon master'd Latin and Greek.

English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
A man turns as proud as a king
Wi' English and Gaelic an' a'.

A wonderfu' thing to hae learning ;
He got a bit classical dip,
Producing a tap worth the turning,
A' jist out a rough-looking chip.
A wonderfu' place, too, the College,
To think what's done there on the whole,
Digging up diamonds of knowledge,
Where naething was thocht o' but coal.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
A' ither gifts it can ding,
To hae English and Gaelic an' a'.

Every age, and kindred, and nation,
And mair than a sage could explain,
Wi' nae tinge of exaggeration,
Have been stored in his wonderfu' brain.

Some big lum's put up as a steeple,
Which our learnèd hero condemns,
And argues the heads o' some people
Contain nae mair brains than a hen's.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
Knowledge and taste it doth bring,
To hae English and Gaelic an' a'.

As a critic, our Blackie is sat on
By ignorant asses, of course,
Whose taste, I could wager my hat on,
Wad scarce ken a coo frae a horse.
But mind having power over matter,
He must be a seedling run waste,
And daring the man wad bespatter,
Or even to question his taste.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
Learning and taste is the thing,
English and Gaelic an' a'.

As his logical lore is supreme,
On philosophy's store he can draw,
His mind doth wi' history teem,
Besides he's a smatt'rin' o' law.
He doesna care much for the Kirk,
But looks wi' a pitifu' ee
On folk keepit aye in the dark,
When they should hae licht for to see.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a';
He is mair bless'd than a king
Wha has English and Gaelic an' a'.

'Then ca' him or misca' gin ye like,
Your sneers are a' met wi' a smile;
A big saumon despises a pike,
And wha can mix water wi' oil?
Oor Professor sits noo at his ease,
His cellar and pantry weel stockit,
And jist like a duck among pease,
Wi' a guid round sum in his pocket.

English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
Noo he can dance a bit fling,
Wi' English and Gaelic an' a'.

Then drain to the bottom your glasses,
Wi' Blackie we'll never despair ;
We'll hear less the braying o' asses
While oor learn'd frien's in the chair.
Then drink and be happy as brithers,
Drink something, too, stronger than tea,
For Blackie's the man abune ithers
Can fit ye for ony degree.
English and Gaelic an' a',
Gaelic and English an' a' ;
For he is the cock o' the ring,
Wi' English and Gaelic an' a'.





Kate and her Crew—

STRANGE, YET TRUE.

IN the auld-fashion'd toon o' Dunbar,
Some cronies sat bousin' ae nicht,
Till they got a wee thing the waur
O' what they thocht wad put them richt.

Dunbar, I may mention to strangers,
Hath pitfa's on sea and on shore ;
Her sons, quite alive to its dangers,
Brave a' life's haphazards the more.

Dunbar, famed for tatties and herrin',
Perhaps I've nae business to tell,
For business the auld toon preferring,
Oor freens come to buy or to sell.

As bargains, like seeds, maun be water'd,
Here met a sma' bevy o' four ;
They sat a' doon drinkin', unfetter'd,
In Jerry's beer-pump at the shore.

The din brocht a crowd to the window,
For auld wives and weans cam' to see
What micht be the cause o' the shindy,
And noise like the roar o' the sea.

Our pleasures, like dreams in the morning,
Float light o'er our souls as a sprite ;
But joy hails the e'ening's returning,
To fill full the cup of delight.

Kings and princes in gilded saloons
May groan in deepest distress,
But oor freens in this floor-sanded room
Here rose to the summit of bliss.

Here five Dunbar natives sat bousin',
Wi' ither four East Linton chiels;
Thus while they sat madly carousin',
Time seem'd to spin roun' on fly-wheels.

Time speeds independent of science,
The noise taper'd aff wi' a sang;
The hours, lately set at defiance,
Noo gaed oor freens warnin' to gang.

So Kate was got out o' the stable—
Noo Kate, let me tell, was a mare—
And, being weel corn'd, she was able
To spin 'lang the road like a hare.

The nicht was as black as your hat is,
The win' blawin' richt in their teeth,
Nae glimmer o' licht except what was
Slow sparkin' at times frae Inchkeith.

Puir Kate got a hint for to hurry,
So through mud and mire she did splash ;
Her lords having tasted wi' Jerry,
Gied Kate noo a taste o' the lash.

Belhaven Mills pass'd on the left,
They saw by the window's bricht flame,
Tho' o' pairt o' their senses bereft,
They were aye on the richt road for hame.

Drink seems first cousin to smokin' ;
The four boys, as happy as tars,
Pu'd Kate up, while lauchin' and jokin',
Till they lit their pipes or cigars.

They noo made a halt on the road, but
While lauchin' and daffin' in fun,
A big umbrella they spread out,
To shelter the licht frae the win'.

But, losh ! in less time than I tell it,
The gingham took fire ; how it blazed !
The win' helpin' weel for to swell it,
Gar't Kate and her crew stand amazed.

Noo this raised a fiery debate,
Debate seem'd to end in a war ;
While the panic was ragin', auld Kate
Turn'd eastward again to Dunbar.

The warriors ne'er had observed
That Kate in the fray took a turn,
But thocht that for hame they were nerved,
And jist close on Fantasy Farm.

Again, as Belhaven they near it,
The driver, baith frichten'd and fou,
Cried, ' This is no Linton, I'll swear it ;
So where the deuce can we be noo ?'

Ane bawl'd out, 'It's surely Belhaven ;'
Another, 'Belhaven we pass'd ;'
A third roar'd, 'As sure as I'm leevin',
The mill's been removed to the wast.'

Like craws o' their young anes bereft,
They shouted and scream'd a' their micht,
'Twas Belhaven we pass'd on the left ;
How comes that it's noo on the richt ?'

Some ane cried, 'It's the mill I discern,'
Prepared on the theme to debate ;
Others shouted, 'It's Fantasy Farm,
And some o' the men threshin' late.'

But, amidst a' this strife and stramash,
Kate lent a deaf ear to the war,
And as swiftly did backwardly dash
To Jerry's again, at Dunbar.

And ne'er since the building o' Babel
Was heard sic a shindy or splore—
Ane shouting, as loud's he was able,
Some earthquake had alter'd the shore.

This hint noo some men ocht to practise—
Through life gin ye wish to mak' speed,
Should your mare e'er incline to be fractious,
Pray keep her aye ticht by the head.

Life may in the morning seem smiling ;
But 'tis hard, when pursuing a plan,
To hae a Kate, after hard toiling,
Gang back to where first she began.





Eddleston Burn.

'Tis simmer! Ilk day seems as lang noo as twa,
In troth ye wad think that we've nae nicht ava';
The midges are dancing, so I'll tak' a turn,
An' see a' the beauties roun' Eddleston Burn.

The swallows swing past me an' gi'e a shrill scream,
They skim ower the trees an' whiles dip in the stream;
Wi' thochts raised to heaven the city I spurn,
Since noo I'm beside thee, sweet Eddleston Burn.

The mist floats sae licht on the tap o' Venlaw,
An' clouds wi' gowd fringes hing ower it an' a',
I hear something whisper, Come a' here wha mourn,
It scares awa' dule aye, sweet Eddleston Burn.

May blessin's gang wi' thee adown through the glen,
For nature showers gifts here on flowerets an' men,
An' licht as the foam which thy flowing waves churn,
My heart feels the same aye by Eddleston Burn.

The dark pines in patches bedeck each fair knowe,
Where bonny pink roses and wild clover grow ;
Should my wish be granted, when laid in the urn,
I'd like to sleep near thee, sweet Eddleston Burn.





The Woods of Hopetoun.

SWEET, sunny braes, the powers confess
Here Nature dons her fairest dress,
And wears for aye a smiling face,
Amang the woods of Hopetoun.

Here rosy morn lifts up her ee,
And spreads bricht rays athwart the sea,
Dispellin' mist, that ye may see
The bonny woods of Hopetoun.

And when the nicht begins to fa',
The sun seems laith to gang awa',
And paints wi' gowden tints an' a'
The bonny woods of Hopetoun.

Here leafy trees on ilka hicht,
To screen the wee flowers frae the licht,
And birds sing sweet frae morn till nicht
Amang the woods of Hopetoun.

Nae chilling storms dae fiercely blaw ;
The win' jist comes to waft awa'
The scented blossoms aye that fa'
Saft frae the woods of Hopetoun.

Wild, roaming creatures here grow tame ;
The feather'd sangsters dae the same ;
And bees wi' sweets gang laden hame
Frae 'mang the woods of Hopetoun.

Sweet fragrance here in showers descend,
And herbs wi' dew-deck'd pearls bend,
Heaven seems its sweets to lend
To deck the woods of Hopetoun.

Sweet Hopetoun I will ever bless ;
My cause for joy ye weel may guess ;
For Jamie ask'd me to be his
 When 'mang the woods of Hopetoun.

Gang, lovers, to yon lanely howe,
Where a' love's kindred treasures grow ;
'Tis whisper'd aye that Cupid's bow
 Grew in the woods of Hopetoun.





Lines

ON SEEING A HARE IN PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH,
EARLY IN THE MORNING IN AUGUST 1882.

Puir wee Pussy, why so speeding,
Bounding as if something dreading?
Where in thy haste art thou proceeding,
Through streets and lanes?
Ha! crowds, I see, are on thee treading
Wi' sticks and stanes.

Puir Pussy, what can be the matter,
And why this hurry and this splutter?
Why put yersel' in sic a flutter?
What hast thou done?
Why seek each open drain or gutter,
The crowd to shun?

'Twas but yestreen, nae thocht o' dread,
Ye rested safe your weary head
Sae snugly on some clover bed,
A' void o' fear,
Ne'er dreaming, 'mang sic dainties spread,
Death was so near.

O man! near image of thy God,
That thou with power shouldst stalk abroad,
Oft wielding the afflicting rod
On pair dumb creatures,
Who fear and tremble at thy nod—
E'en shun thy features.

Wert thou, Puss, early in the morn
Sly nibbling at some field o' corn?
Or didst thou hear the huntsman's horn
At break o' day,
That thou shouldst to Auld Reekie turn
In wild dismay?

Or were ye, Puss, wi' thieving freens
Upon Pink Hill amang the beans,
Or maybe feasting on the greens
 In Downie's yaird ?
Whate'er your faut, it plainly seems
 Ye hae been scared.

But, Puss, ye micht hae shunn'd this ill,
Had ye but ta'en Corstorphine Hill,
Or fled wi' speed to Almond Mill,
 Or even Currie ;
Nae bobbies there your bluid to spill,
 Or dowgs to worry.

But, losh ! you've been a stupid beast,
To cross Coltbrig and hurry east,
Kennin', as you should dae at least,
 They'd either beat ye,
Or starvin' cabbies, for a feast,
 Wad kill an' eat ye.

Nae wonder, then, that thou shouldst meet
Wi' swarms o' foes in Princes Street ;
The very bobbies left their beat,
 To their disgrace ;
E'en baker chieils, wi' bauchled feet,
 Join'd in the chase.

Maukin, I ne'er had penn'd this page,
Nor thocht upon the crowd's wild rage,
Had some fierce tiger burst its cage,
 Or forced its den ;
But on thee, Puss, sic war to wage—
 Wae's me on men !

For life so dear how swift ye bound !
How stupid, 'tis the fiendish sound
That gars ye double and spin round ;
 A crack ye've got.
No! faith ye're up. Now, up the Mound,
 And aff like shot.

I'll wager, Puss, wi' sic a fricht,
'Twill be a while ere ye be richt :
To see ye put into a plicht,
 It vexes sair ;
And I may add that ye'll no sicht
 Auld Reekie mair.

Puir Puss, thy case is man's thus view'd :
The most at times are hard pursued :
Some, leaving fields wi' verdure strew'd,
 And seek new soil,
'Time hunting them, till they get bow'd
 Wi' care and toil.





Wha to Like Best.

I've twa bonny wee dearies, jist models o' queens,
Brisk as twa lammies, wi' nae thocht opprest ;
They look fresh and sweet as the blossom on beans,
But I canna weel tell ye which ane I like best.

Sweet Tottie, the eldest, she's jist like a peach,
Sae braw and red-cheekit, aye out in the sun ;
Like maist o' Eve's daughters, gey gleg in the speech,
And spends a' her time between mischief and fun.

She has bonny blue een, and saft silken hair,
And looks like a humming-bird new frae the nest ;
Wi' Lottie, her tittie, it's hard to declare
Which o' the dearies to like aye the best.

Wee Lottie, she's jist like the bud of a rose
When steepit o'er nicht wi' the saft-fa'in' dew ;
Her een's a wee roguish, and black, too, as sloes ;
She's mony admirers ; her peers are but few.

•

'Tween Tottie and Lottie my heart nicht and day
Gangs thump like a mill-wheel, and never at rest ;
The haill o' my thocht is to ken o' the twae
Which pet is the dearest, and wha to like best.

They're baith aye sae blithesome, there's naething on
earth
Can e'er be compared to my twa bonny doos ;
Your heart-strings wad dirl to list to their mirth ;
We've music enough aye while they're in the house.

Noo, Grandfaither's love is divided in twain,
My heart's wild emotions I thocht were at rest ;
But I'm o'er head and ears in the fever again,
No kennin' which ane o' the twa to like best.



Lines

SENT TO A FRIEND WITH THE FLOWER FORGET-ME-NOT
PAINTED ON A CARD.

To thee, dear friend, I now enclose
The sweetest little gem that blows ;
'Tis seen on every flowery spot,
This fairy thing, Forget-me-not.

It grows on mountain, hill, and plain ;
It blooms 'mong autumn's golden grain ;
It is by palace, tower, and cot,
This lovely flower, Forget-me-not.

Should fate e'er part me far from you,
And distance hide thee from my view,
Gaze on this flower, and if forgot,
'Twill say again, Forget-me-not.



On Seeing a Butterfly

NEAR EAST LINTON, FIRST SUNDAY OF APRIL 1870.

FIRST of thy tiny race,
Bright, little silken thing,
Art thou not out of place
So early on the wing?

By what alluring means
Hast thou forsaken home?
Hath spring's stray sunny beams
Now tempted thee to roam?

Fair visitant, for thee
Is seen no rosy bed,
No flowers bedeck the lea,
No summer dainties spread.

Art thou, like man, opprest
With pinching want and care?
Hath sorrow touch'd thy breast,
Or hast thou known despair?

Hast thou, like man, a hope,
Or any boon to crave?
Or wilt thou sickening drop
To a forgotten grave?

And doth thy life, so brief,
For ever pass away,
Like to a fallen leaf
Sinking to earth a prey?

If this the insect's goal,
How grateful man should be
With an immortal soul,
And an eternity !





On the Death of my Daughter Charlotte.

IF to a foreign land should go
A child thou lovest well,
Ah ! how the trickling tears would flow,
And grief the bosom swell !

That bark a cherish'd name would be
That bore her o'er the deep ;
Even the vast and boundless sea
Thou'dst traverse in thy sleep.

Hours, days, and years might come and go,
And grief the heart command,
Until some friendly note would show
Thy child was safe to land.

A Saviour lightens thus the blow
By which our hearts were riven ;
His message is, Why weep? for, lo !
Thy daughter's safe in heaven.





Song.

WHEN the simmer comes roun', and the birds a' in tune,
Wi' cowslips and daisies a' deckin' the lea ;
When the meadows are green, and the sky all serene,
'Tis then, dearest Annie, I'm thinking of thee.

Should I chance thus to stray at the opening of day,
While dewdraps, like pearls, bespangle each tree ;
When the lark, 'mang the corn, springs to herald the
morn,
'Tis then, dearest loved one, I'm thinking of thee.

In the freshness of June, when the sun's rays at noon
Fling shades so refreshing frae birks by the sea ;
When all nature around lends a sweetness to sound,
'Tis then, dearest loved one, I'm thinking of thee.

And when the sun closes the breasts of the roses,
When milkmaids and swains are frae labour set free ;
When the sweet village bell bids the e'ening farewell,
'Tis then, dearest loved one, I'm thinking of thee.

Be it morning or noon, or still evenings in June,
Come simmer or winter, it's a' ane to me ;
My heart winna tether, it seeks for anither,
And flies like a dove, dearest loved one, to thee.





Our Lilac Tree.

I HAVE growing in my garden a lovely lilac tree,
It is a gem of sweetness, which all that come may see ;
'Tis taper'd like a pyramid, and wears a mass of bloom,
And fills the air with fragrance where it sheds its sweet
perfume.

Its waxen chalice'd flowerets in graceful bunches hang,
Its leaves, so green and tender, are hid the flowers among ;
It must have charms for sweetness, for there the busy bee
Draws nectar from the blossoms of this sweet lilac tree.

The birds delight to linger, screen'd from the sun's
warm rays ;
The mavis and the linnet send forth their songs of
praise ;

The children, too, at eventide dance round with mirthful glee :

I love it, oh, I love it well, this sweet, sweet lilac tree !

I love it in the winter, with its branches cold and bare ;
I love it too in summer, when its perfumes fill the air ;
I love it in the autumn, when all its leaves are shed,—
It brings to lost remembrance then, still voices from the
dead.

Thou art to me, sweet lilac tree, a theme of holy love,—
I trace in thee God's goodness, that wafts my soul
above ;
And feel that eye is watching, and that hand guiding me,
That day by day, and year by year, decks this fair lilac
tree.





Lines

ON HEARING THE REV. DR. MORTON PREACH A SERMON
FROM THE WORD 'TO-DAY.'

ABOUT the little word 'To-day'
Awful thoughts within me dwell,
As now I see it flit away
And leave me either heaven or hell.

'To-day,'—how awful is the word !
Like to a rapid running river ;
On wings, with swiftness of a bird,
It joins the sea of time for ever.

'To-day,'—we heedless let it pass,
And lose the boon devoid of sorrow,

For ever hoping, but, alas!
 To' redeem our time to-morrow.

'To-day,' a voice from heaven calls,
 For us a new life to begin ;
 'To-day' some loved one round us falls,
 Into the grave or plunged in sin.

"To-day," the dying Saviour cried,
 'Thy sins are pardon'd, thou art free ;
 "To-day," thy feet shall joyous tread
 The New Jerusalem with me.'

'To-day,'—oh ! every sinner, think,
 Pray your sins to be forgiven,—
 You stand upon the awful brink
 Of an eternal hell or heaven.

'To-day,' then, hear thy Saviour's voice,
 To-morrow you may hear it never ;
 'To-day,' then, with the Lamb rejoice,
 And dwell with Him on high for ever.



Fishing for Supper.

WILLIE HUTCHIE went to fish
For some trout to make a dish ;
He got all that he could wish,
For Willie fish'd his supper.

In the dam, beneath a tree,
Willie quick got two or three
As fine trout as you could see,
Which might have done for supper.

Ambitious, too, like other men,
Willie's aim was nine or ten ;
But at last he caught a hen,
And so he fish'd his supper.

This poor hen in search o' food,
Maybe for to feed her brood,
Took hook and worm just as it stood,
To be her lawfu' supper.

This was rather painful fun,
For as fatal as a gun
She was hook'd, and off did run
To disgorge her supper.

Willie ran and tugg'd in vain,
While wee kinkie screech'd wi' pain ;
Round the stacks wi' might and main
The two fought for their supper.

Down the burn the hen did rin,
Chuckie keckled and gave in ;
Willie fell'd it wi' a pin,
And thus secured his supper.

MORAL.

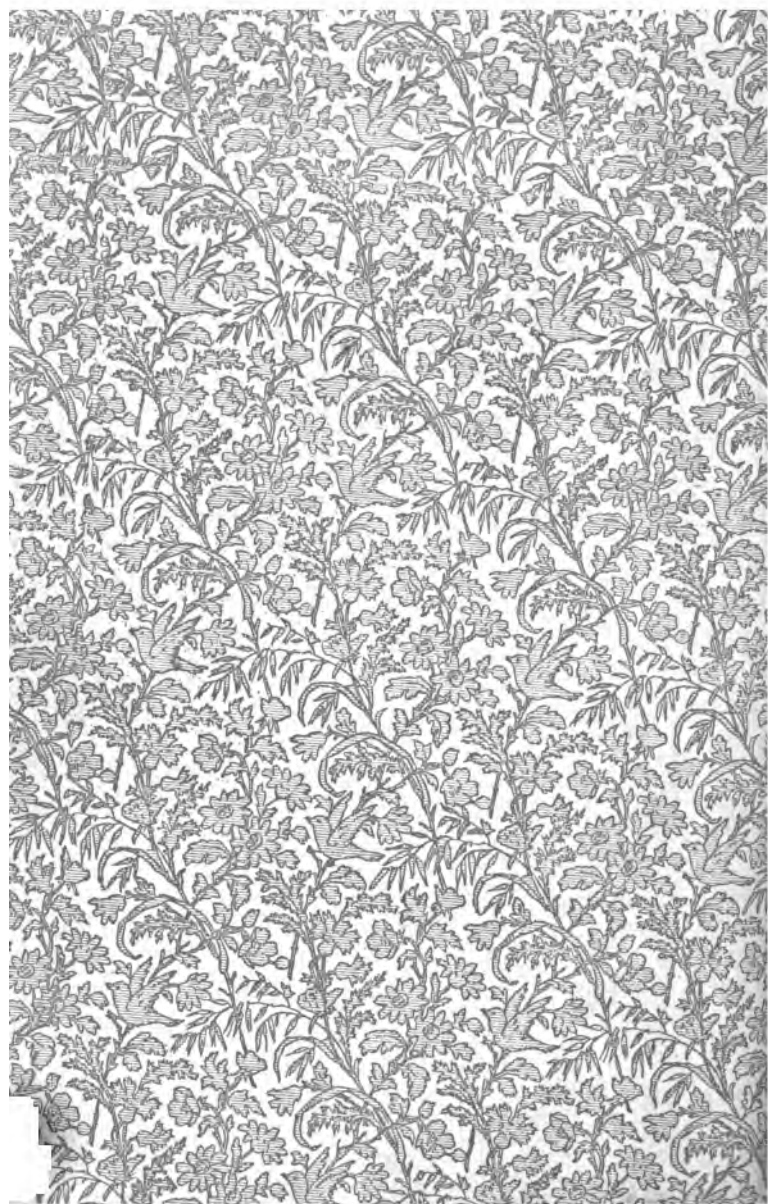
The very bite we take to feed,
Is often, through unheeded greed,
The fatal morsel that doth lead
Us to a final supper.

Thus the case wi' Willie's hen :
Little did the creature ken,
Through very greed, it soon to men
Would make a famous supper.



MORRISON AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.





Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 005 180 562

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

--	--

